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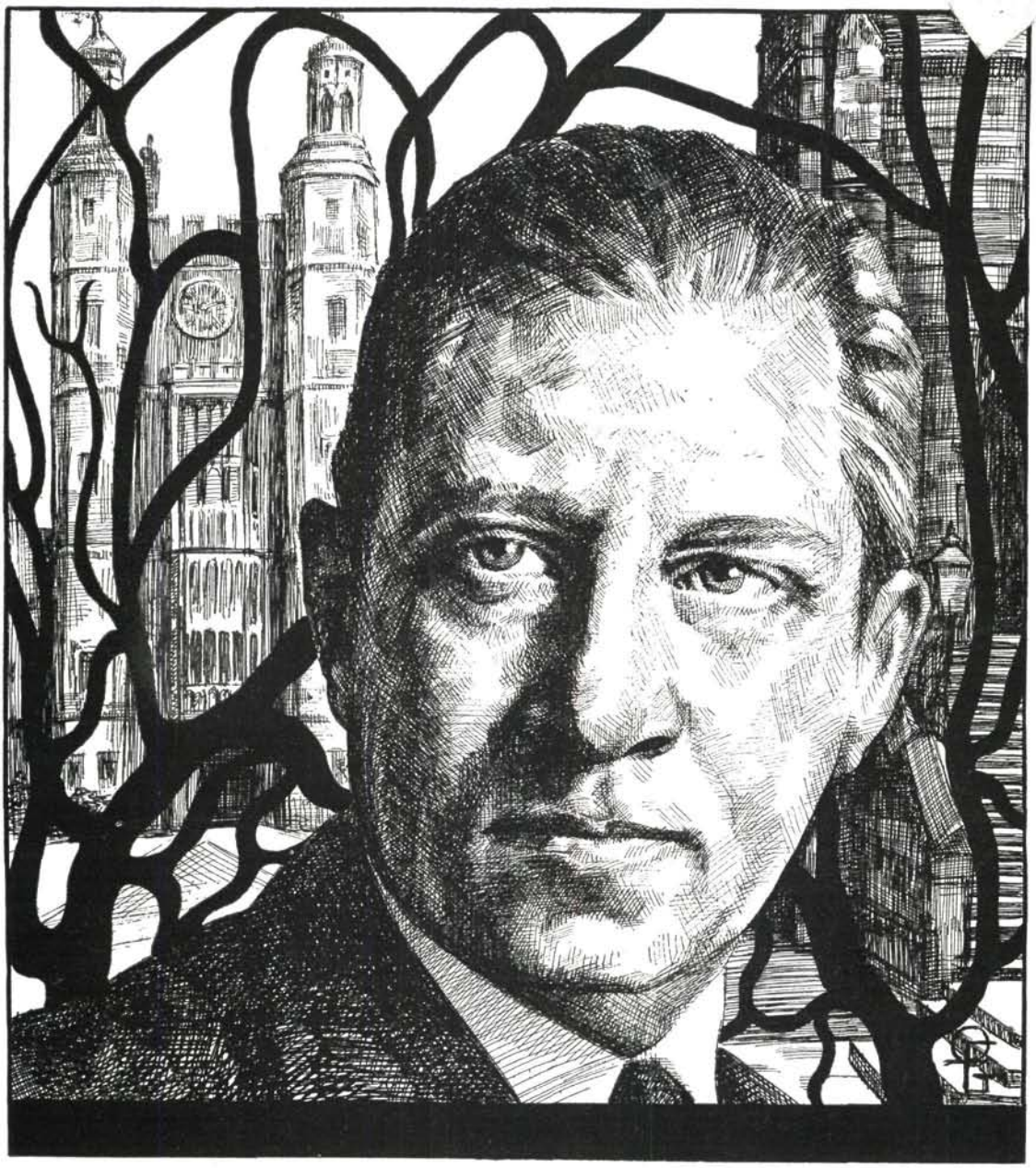

Sir Osbert Sitwell, author of "The Scarlet Tree." (See Page 11)

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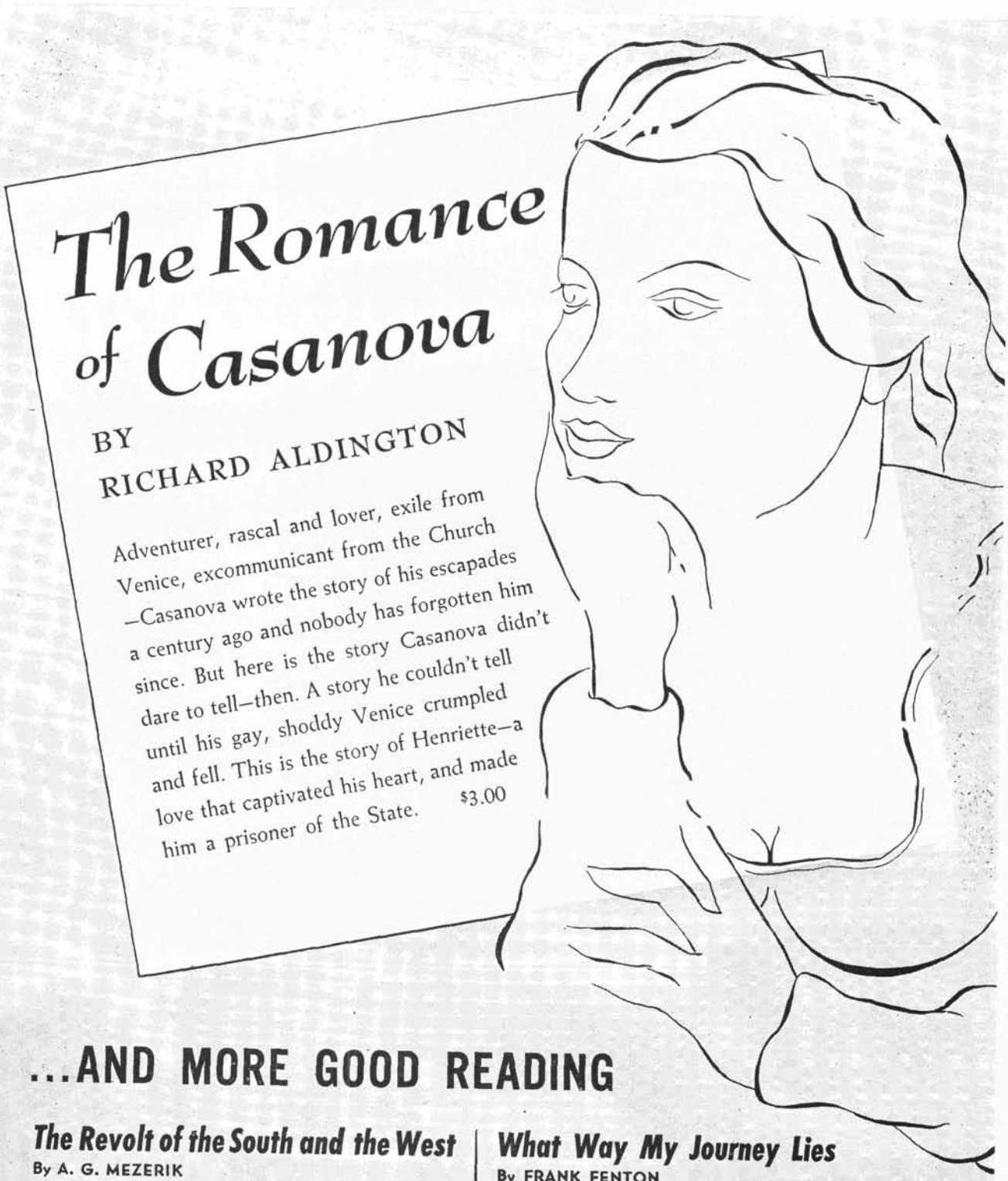

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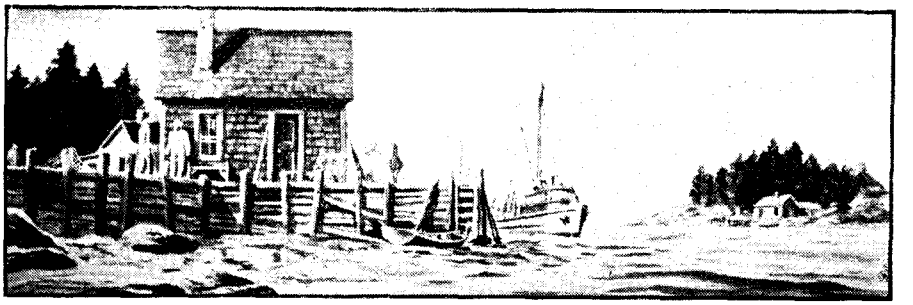

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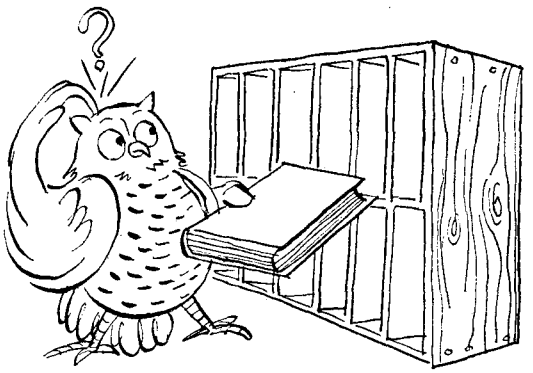


About a refugee from a pigeon-hole...

ONE OF the greatest street-mumblers we have ever known was a man who liked to put things in categories. Nice, tight-knit, fool-proof categories—of which we do not disapprove. What we think is too bad, and what makes the man a street-mumbler, is that he takes them home with him at 5 o'clock. We have a profound respect for the orderly mind, but we also have an idea that in a fast-moving and many-faceted world it's good, sometimes, to get away from pigeon-holes and data and to let the mind go its own uncategorizable way.

In line with this idea we submit that the following statement from WINTER HARBOR, by Bernice Richmond, could drive a good pigeon-hole-data-category man to madness:

> Lighthouses symbolize many things of growing importance to me: service, guidance, romance, adventure, order, solitude, and security in the teeth of a storm.

Romance and order, service and solitude, do not rightly seem to belong in the same sentence. That they do belong in the same book is clear and restful fact to the wanderer in WINTER HARBOR. Yet WINTER HARBOR is not an "escape" book; the only category (these are working hours) that we can think up for it is "healing". In a world we've all been making and unmaking and trying to understand for a great number of years, this story of a couple who bought a lighthouse off the coast of Maine is sane, wholesome, healing business for the mind. To like it, you don't have to be physically ill (though WINTER HARBOR would make good reading for someone who is), but it's a fine story for the tired spirit to come upon. It brings rest to any spirit interested not so much in "escape" as in a sane and quiet and peaceful approach to a world from which we cannot any of us escape.

Bernice Richmond was born and brought up on the Maine coast. Her people, and their people before them, lived there too. All her life she has been one of those fortunate enough to feel a belonging to some portion of the land. But for a long time and through many countries—Austria, England, Belgium, Hawaii—the dream of owning a lighthouse on the coast of Maine was a very impracticable sort of dream. It was not until her husband, Reg, inherited some money and said "Well, Bunny, what would you like to do with fifteen hundred dollars?" that Winter Harbor Lighthouse came about.

It was 1938. The Government had been selling some lighthouses off the Maine coast and Bernice Richmond was not a woman to re-stock a wardrobe when a lighthouse could be had. She and Reg bought one and that's the beginning of as fine an adventure story of the personal "good life" as we have come upon in a long time, at least since the publication of this book in 1943. Very simply, it is the story of three years at the Light. It is also the story of the people on shore who were good strong friends, of the Atlantic Ocean, and of the rocks of Maine.

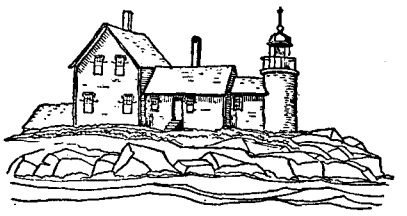
Some rather special Maine creatures are the Little Men who lived on a nearby island. At low water you could walk there and once when Reg and Bunny had guests they took them over to see where the Little Men lived.

> We led them across the bar to the wide staircase made of great rocks which are covered near the top with a mustard-green fungus like an old tapestry. Faintly pink cranberries covered one shelf of rock. I stopped at the edge of the Vale and asked, as I always do, "Shall we go in the way ordinary people go or the way the Little Men go?"
>
> "The way the Little Men go," they answered promptly.
>
> There was a soft vine bed, cushioned and thick. I sat down and slid to the bottom, crossed two rocks, and waited for them to follow. I pointed and said solemnly, "Here is where they live." Pat and Gerald looked at the tiny meadow and at the crevices in the west wall. They saw the northern opening where the Little Men keep their driftwood, and stood looking at the shadow from the west wall and the sun lighting up the grass.
>
> I watched them carefully. Pat smiled. And Gerald asked, "They are away fishing?"
>
> I nodded. We didn't touch a thing.

That's just one part of WINTER HARBOR, of course. There is also the part of hard work, of carpentry and painting and transporting food. There is deep love of the place itself, in which the ocean is as much a land to be loved as any inlander's rolling hills. There is the excitement and pleasure of guests and the visits of Reg, who had to spend much of his time at an office in New York City. ("Reg always brings rum. When the weather is over-cast and the temperature is around 55° there is nothing better than sitting with your feet up on the stove and drinking hot buttered rum.")

Probably it is not necessary to point out that this is neither a success story of the sort that goes "we bought the *dearest* little lighthouse", nor is it a battle-of-the-elements, man-against-nature piece. WINTER HARBOR is an adventure in happiness that is not the result of luck. "People keep their balance in different ways," writes the author. "For some there is money and for others a substantial family close around. But for Reg and me there is Winter Harbor Lighthouse. Its four rock-bound acres are very hard to land on. Its earth is rich and my seeds grow well. The house is big, the walls are thick, and the tower straight and fair. It stands for all the sane and healthy tomorrows we hope to spend there."

For us WINTER HARBOR is a book that forces new considerations of our own tomorrows. What you have to do, we mumble at ourselves, is simply find your own way to keep your balance.



WINTER HARBOR

By BERNICE RICHMOND

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Word Harvest of '45

ALLEN WALKER READ

(First of two articles)

THE first year of the atomic age was highly productive of new words. We can hope to capture for the record only a part of them a few months after the close of the year; but the following collections show something of what the word-makers have been up to.

The most important group of words was no doubt that which the atomic bomb brought in its wake. The name *atomic bomb* long antedated its widespread use upon the dropping of the bomb itself. Searches for the first instance would probably have to be made in fantasy fiction; but on January 3, 1945, an editorial in the *New York Post* proclaimed: "And now we are beginning to hear enemy reports of the most dangerous weapon of all—atomic bombs. Just reports, mind you." Two forms of the name, *atomic bomb* and *atom bomb*, are in use side by side (the latter somewhat colloquial), and no doubt they continue in rivalry. Also in use are the forms *A-bomb* and *atobomb*. And what should we say of the patriotic Englishman who wrote to a newspaper (quoted in the *New Statesman and Nation*, August 18): "As a tribute to our beloved leader, Mr. Churchill, would it not be fitting to name the atomic bomb 'The Churchill'?"

Without delay the term *atomic age* sprang into widespread use. Some also used *pre-atomic age;* as the editor of *Time and Tide*, August 11, wrote: "Let there be no mistake about it; the period preceding Monday, August 6, 1945, will be known in what future there may be as the pre-atomic age." And Elsa Maxwell makes use of *A. A. B. age*, standing for "After Atomic Bomb" *(New York Post,* October 30). In *The Nation* of November 17, Freda Kirchwey proposed the name for the next war: if the poisons of distrust are not washed away, she says, "the next war—the Atomic War—will certainly come." But before this Albert Einstein had written in a letter to *The New York Times*, November 1, of the urgent need of "a world-wide governmental organization to prevent an atomic war." Closely related is the phrase *atomic diplomacy.*

Other derivatives have appeared in due course. We read in *Politics*, September, that "the atom-wielders themselves are not immune" to emotional disturbances. The name is even made into a verb; as Samuel Grafton wrote *(New York Post,* November 19), President Truman's name would be disgraced "if we are ever atom-bombed." Figurative uses were not long in coming. On October 16 the

campaign managers of Judge Goldstein, a mayoralty candidate in New York City, announced that he would deliver a speech that would be "the real atomic bomb of this campaign." A fashion writer in the *Milwaukee Journal* of November 9 advised the trimming of a coat with contrasting furs and concluded: "That's fashion's concession this season and the effect can be atomic if you discipline your originality with good taste." Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, at the age of seventy-five, was referred to in the *New York Post,* November 27, as having energy that "might well be described as 'atomic.'" The managers of a London theatre were satisfied with the word "devastating" to describe the film "The Valley of Decision" because, they declared, "We refuse to say 'atomic' (an overworked word!)" (London *Sunday Express*, October 28).

Other uses have been more trivial still. Bars have shaken up "atomic cocktails" and grills have served "atomic bomburgers." A series of "Grand Victory Atomic Dances" were held at the Heaton Assembly Rooms in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. A Hollywood starlet, on the basis of her mammary aspect, has been advertised as an "anatomic bomb" *(SRL,* September 29), and according to a letter-writer in the *New York Daily News*, August 9, the Japanese were expected to broadcast, "We got a-tomic ache."

War conditions have posed an unprecedented problem for historical lexicographers. The early history of certain words has in many cases been an official secret, and some of them had years of under-cover use before getting any public mention. Thus *radar* burst into the public domain in the spring of 1943, *Bailey bridge* in 1944, and a considerable group in 1945 after the fighting ceased; their history can be worked out only as secret information is released.

The word *jeep* has continued an active career. Writers have spoken of "a jeep's eye view" (J. MacDonald in *The New York Times,* March 20) and of "jeep-sized" people (Cpl. E. Antrobus in *Yank,* September 21). "Jeep shows" were given by Special Services from jeeps. And in the Navy a "jeep carrier" is a small escort vessel.

OTHER words relate to sea-going matters. The Coast Guard has revealed its device called the *loran,* by which ships or planes can learn their position in any weather, calculating from electrical impulses sent by stations on shore. The word is made up from the initials of "long range aid to navigation" *(The New York Times,* October 28). The anti-submarine projector, Mark 10 and 11, was nicknamed the *hedgehog.* The British have added to the Royal Navy what they call *amenity ships,* which have beer bars, cafeterias, and entertainment halls. When these were announced in *The New York Times,* however, on February 22, an American synonym

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was used in the headline: "More Beer Ships for British." The word *tropicalization* has not yet reached the dictionaries, but Churchill used it when he announced that ships transferring from one theatre to another would require a lengthy process of "modernization and tropicalization" (*National Review*, February).

Advances in aircraft have brought in a block of new words. The jet propulsion planes are referred to as *JP*, as in "He wanted to fly the JP"; and in slang they are "squirts" or "blow jobs." Flying boats with a "jet-assisted take-off" are said to have *jato*. General Henry H. Arnold, in his final report on the war activities of the Army Air Forces, outlined part of the new vocabulary:

> Jet propulsion is in its infancy despite the fact that this war has evolved six distinct methods of utilizing atmospheric oxygen for propulsion, such as (1) *motor-jet*—or reciprocating engine plus ducted fan, (2) *turboprop*—a gas turbine plus propeller, (3) *turbofan*—a gas turbine plus ducted fan, (4) *turbojet*—a gas turbine plus jet, (5) *ramjet*—a continuous jet with compression by aerodynamic ram, and (6) *pulsojet*—or intermittent jet. These new and strange sounding words will be familiar ones in our speech in the near future, and right now they carry more meaning for Americans than any other six words I know.

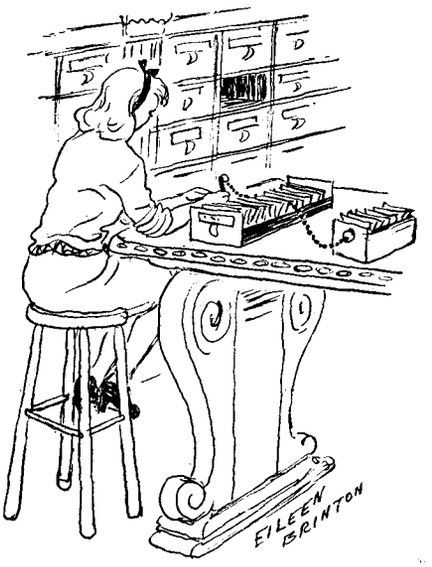
A modification of the P-38 Lightning was known as the *droop-snoot* or *droop-snooter*. The term *foo-fighter* has covered several phenomena—at first some weird, mysterious balls of fire that appeared to race alongside the wings of American planes over Germany, and later a kind of tiny German plane with a single pilot and two minutes' worth of fuel.

Churchill's much criticized *triphibious* of 1943 now has a rival in *amphibicaerial*, as when Janet Flanner (*The New Yorker*, April 7) referred to "our Allied amphibicaerial feat of crossing the Rhine with glider scows in the sky and ocean boats assembled on the land beneath." The Japanese radio spoke of our mass attacks as *carpet bombings*. General M. B. Ridgway, in a letter to *Time*, May 7, described an airborne operation as "seizing an airhead from which to build up other strong forces," and the editor thanked him for the useful new word *airhead*. General Arnold issued a circular to the Air Forces suggesting that the term *air support* should be dropped, as not properly descriptive of the role of the Air Forces, and that some other term such as *air coordination* should be substituted.

The *Festung Europa* of yesteryear dwindled in 1945 to the *Festung Germania*. The verb *to Germanize* took on a wholly different meaning, modeled on to *Coventryize* and to *Hamburgize*. Thus Sidney Shalett, in *The New York Times*, April 11, predicted that "the Japanese will sue for peace before we are in a position to 'Germanize' their country."

A number of writers introduced terms additional to *V-E Day* and *V-J Day*. *The New York Times* attempted to popularize *V-P Day* (Victory in the Pacific); Samuel Grafton (*New York Post*, March 2) preferred *Unconditional Surrender Day*. The term *R-Day* had some use, for "redeployment day," although it turned out not to be any one particular day. Some people began to use *TV-Day*, for "total victory day," but this was quickly discarded as having originated in propaganda for T. V. Soong. The editor of the *New York Daily News* even on March 30, 1945, was speculating on a "V-R Day" (victory over Russia day). Characteristically, at the height of the fighting, he called Russia our *semi-ally* (January 20).

Conditions left in the wake of the war required a terminology. The G. I.'s in Germany called the gardens they found there *defeat gardens;* and outside the cities that had been *rubbleized* (a new word) arose makeshift *Hitlervilles* (a term modeled on *Hooverville*). When the Germans realized that the war was lost, the Krupp Works transformed itself into a private firm in the hope of escaping seizure or expropriation, and this has been called *reprivatization* (*National Review*, February). A crime called *genocide* was suggested by Raphael Lemgin in *The Nation*, March 10, as one with which the Germans should be charged: "The Nazis have destroyed whole nations, a crime for which the present writer has coined the word 'genocide'—in analogy with homicide and fratricide."



The word has been taken up generally and given considerable vogue. However, a writer in the *Yorkshire Post*, October 20, has complained, according to H. L. Mencken, that the form ought to be *genericide*.

CYNICAL meanings have become current for the verbs *to liberate* and *to souvenir*. When Leonard Lyons was in Germany he wrote (*New York Post*, June 28) of Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden, "Much of the house is intact, but all the movable objects have been liberated." This is well established in soldier usage. *To souvenir* an object is simply to take it. The issue of non-fraternization (also called "sororization") gave rise to the verb *to frat*. As the correspondents of *Yank* wrote (August 31): "The endless discussion and the endless violation added a new word to the vocabulary; frattin' will be popular among veterans for years to come." Upon seeing German and Austrian girls, the G.I.'s would be warned, "Be careful; that's fraterbait!" This is modeled on the slang *jailbait*.

The older term *VIP* (for Very Important Person) came in 1945 to be pronounced in one syllable, *vip;* and *POW* (Prisoner of War) became simply *pow*. As an American sergeant wrote from Germany (*Politics*, October): "Well, eventually we lost the Russians and got German pows in return for them." The term *DP*, for Displaced Person, has become very common. Marquis Childs heralded this use in the *New York Post*, March 17, by mention of "a camp on the outskirts of Cologne for 'displaced persons,' which is the term applied to all Allied citizens inside Germany." This term was parodied in England by *D. D. P.*, for the Tories thrown out of the House of Commons in the elections; the editor of the London *Observer*, August 5, noted, "Behind the Opposition benches will soon be a queue of D. D. P.'s (Distinguished Displaced Persons), hungry for seats that fall vacant." Some of the DP's in Germany are classed as *nonrepatriables*.

Our soldiers abroad fathered other terms. Our prisoners in German hands were called *kriegies*, a cutting down of the German name *Kriegesgefaengener*. At the Japanese prison camps in the Philippines the guards carried saber-shaped bamboo sticks capable of breaking an arm or leg, and our soldiers called these *vitamin sticks* (*The New York Times*, February 3). Bill Mauldin coined *garritrooper* (from garrison-trooper) to describe the class of soldiers midway between front and rear, who often

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Some Notes on Nostalgia

BEARDSLEY RUML

NOSTALGIA is a psycho-physiological condition commonly observed in homesickness. Such psychological disturbances are frequently extreme variants of milder conditions which occur commonly in everyday life. Amnesia, for example, is a pathological condition which is exemplified in various degrees of forgetfulness. So also with nostalgia; there are to be observed in ordinary experience emotions and sentiments of a similar but more attenuated character. These we may term nostalgic sentiments.

In extreme forms the symptoms of nostalgia are acute and violent. The respiratory, circulatory, and digestive functions are disturbed. Extreme lassitude, dizziness, inability to assimilate food, inability to articulate, spasmodic movements of the diaphragm, uncontrollable weeping—these manifestations are present in various degrees, resulting frequently in gross functional maladjustment. The duration of an attack may be brief, or it may be prolonged; and occasionally death results from one or another consequence of this psycho-physiological disorganization.

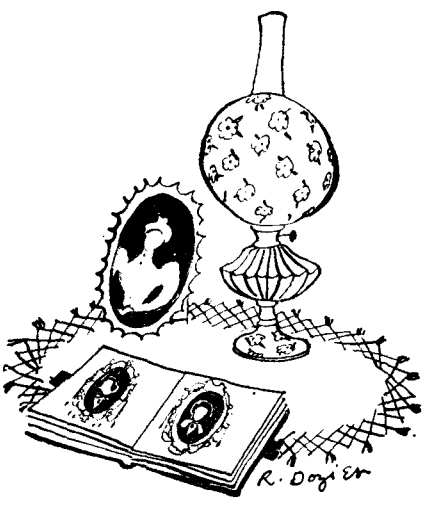
The onset of nostalgia is likely to be abrupt. The circumstances to which the attack is attributed may have already been completely developed. Considerable time may even have elapsed. And then some slight and apparently inconsequential event—a familiar strain of music, a photograph, the sound of rain on the roof or of wind in the chimney, the smell of grass or of burning leaves—sometimes for no apparent reason, the individual is swept away in a torrent of nostalgic emotion.

Two general characteristics of nostalgia are worth noting. First, it is psychogenic. There is no modification of environment or organism that appears adequate for the response. Nor is the modification of the environment sufficient in itself to produce the effect. The interposition of a personal psychological, or psycho-neurological, factor is indispensable for the attack.

Second, nostalgia is not associated with a particular civilization or culture. It is ancient and modern, urban and rural. It is found in primitive societies as well as in advanced, among the brown peoples of Melanesia as well as among the blond Teutonic tribes of northern Europe. It is a phenomenon more fundamental than any particular culture.

Nostalgic sentiments are associated not only with home, that is with place, but also with persons and with things. Curiously, nostalgic sentiments attach both to first-hand personal experiences with place, person, and past time, and to vicarious experience as well, as is illustrated in the yearning for the Middle Ages which is frequent in Europe, or in the lament of the Jewish people: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."

One of the most beautiful and poignant descriptions of nostalgic emotion is to be found in Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros," in



a parable which tells of the pain and grief of a hero who was permitted by the King of the Dead to live over again, both as participant and as onlooker, that day of his life which had been least eventful. Proust in "Remembrance of Things Past" makes this phenomenon his central theme. One who has experienced the brief recapture of a moment of past time with all the *klang* and substance of present reality, maintaining the while externality as observer, recognizes the devastating emotional character of the experience, and apprehends the essential nostalgic quality.

In searching for a mechanism, or at least a clue, to the explanation of these profound and general influences on human behavior, I was drawn to a neglected area of *gestalt* psychology, namely the emotional concomitants of *gestalt* transformations. Here I found introspectively a suggestion, not only for the depth and generality of the nostalgic, but also for the emotionality associated with the person as an individual. The reader is cautioned to regard the observations which follow as suggestive only, and to treat them as tentative hypotheses, subject to modification without reservation.

The term *gestalt*, translated literally, means "pattern" or "configuration," and is used to refer to the unity which the mind gives to a group of particular images simultaneously present in conscious activity. The particular images are parts of a whole, but the whole is greater than the parts. It is the whole which has meaning and significance, and, except when analyzed, the parts are not apprehended as such. The German term *gestalt* is wisely used to designate these phenomena, since this unfamiliar word carries the implication of a unity in awareness that is less well brought out by the more familiar English words, "pattern" or "configuration."

The *gestalt* is the characteristic element in all conscious or subconscious experience. Through it is blended the raw material of sensory experience, and only through it is behavior possible on a level higher than the sensory-motor reflex. The *gestalt* is the time-binding force in nature, and is the foundation for conscious awareness and for self-conscious individuality. Without it there could be no behavior that we would recognize as "human." It is a "given" in a universe that includes the human person in its nature.

The transformation of the *gestalt* are among the most fascinating commonplaces of elementary psychology—a few lines and angles in two dimensions are seen as a solid cube, then suddenly as a hollow box. In the more complicated *gestalt* patterns, such transformations may be somewhat formally classified as destructive and as constructive. In the constructive transformation of the *gestalt*, the elements of the pattern achieve a higher integration, a unity, a cohesive and indivisible substantiality; conversely, in the destructive transformation, the pattern falls apart, the unity vanishes, the fragments appear as crude, formless irrelevancies.

SINCE *gestalt* patterns are the basic elements of conscious awareness, the significance and meaning of any perceptual image or of any specific or general idea concerning the external world results from consolidating the image or idea with a residue of present and past experience which gives them quality and form. These meaningful consolidations we may distinguish as the "*gestalt* of the outer world."

The nostalgic sentiments are associated with transformations of this *gestalt*. When the transformations are destructive, when the world falls to

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pieces, the emotional experience is the negative phase. When the transformations are constructive, when the pattern takes on a sudden higher unity, a transcendent, when formless elements of experience become a significant totality, the emotional experience is positive; it is the esthetic sentiment, and, in its extreme phase, religious ecstasy. Yearning, *sehnsucht*, esthetic feeling and certain forms of religious emotion are therefore associated as nostalgic sentiments in a single family of emotional behavior—all arising as *gestalt* transformations of the outer world.

ANOTHER group of powerful emotional phenomena similar and complementary to those associated with transformations in the "*gestalt* of the outer world" are those which arise from the individual's consciousness of the significance of himself as a person. The content which is drawn upon to create the ever-changing pattern of self-conscious personality lies within the individual and is organically and psychologically distinguishable from that of the external world. The consolidations of precept and idea by the individual, of meaningful awareness of himself as a person, we may designate as the "*gestalt* of the inner world."

The emotions and sentiments which are associated with transformations of the *gestalt* of the inner world we may refer to as egoic sentiments in contrast to the nostalgic sentiments which are associated with changes in the outer world *gestalt*.

Like the nostalgic sentiments, the egoic sentiments also have two phases, positive and negative. When the transformations of the inner world *gestalt* are constructive and expansive, the egoic sentiment is positive and we experience the elation of ego-aggrandizement. The elation which is commonly associated with personal success in competitive activity, or in the solution of a self-imposed problem, or in social recognition of personal status, is characteristic of the positive phase. When the transformations are destructive, when the *gestalt* of the inner world disintegrates, the egoic sentiment is negative and we have feelings of subjugation, shame, and humiliation.

It would be premature to discuss at too great length questions of mechanism; the observational foundation is inadequate, and the analysis is both incomplete and over-simplified. Such discussion has value only insofar as it is suggestive of the new avenues of observation, or as it sharpens and reënforces empirical generalizations. For the moment three points only need to be stressed: first, a group of

powerful sentiments and emotions, termed nostalgic because of their qualitative relation to nostalgia, may be distinguished; second, these nostalgic sentiments derive from primitive and fundamental sources of behavior; and third, the nostalgic sentiments are characteristically associated with the external world and are separable from another group of sentiments and emotions, termed egoic, which arise from the personality itself.

The egoic sentiments are well known. They loom large in the psychological interpretation of behavior. Their gratification is the object of much of the business of life. The consideration of the egoic sentiments is regarded as a matter of practical concern and the egoic sentiments themselves are regarded as substantial and real.

The nostalgic sentiments are less well understood. Although abundantly represented in literature and in art, they have found no appropriate place in social theory. Nostalgic sentiments being incommensurable in the hedonistic calculus, are regarded as somewhat removed from the hard logic of nature and touched by a bit of moonlight and summer madness.

But it must be realized that the same degree of reality attaches to the nostalgic as to the egoic, that there is to be found in the nostalgic an equally significant emotional foundation for behavior. And from this point of view, the interpretation of certain political, economic, and social phenomena is considerably altered and enriched.

An understanding of political behavior, of patriotism, nationality, racial and class solidarity is crucial in any analysis of human and social behavior. It is apparent that in the high emotionality observable in these social groupings there are both egoic and nostalgic constituents. Manifestations of patriotism exhibit pride and elation in the ego-aggrandizement, extraordinary sensitivity to status, face-saving compulsions, susceptibility to humiliation, desire for revenge. The nostalgic elements are also present and are clearly observable in situations where no questions involving status arise. These sentiments and emotions are mystical and romantic, and are colored by non-personal elation or by wistful yearning and exquisite sadness. Love of country is by no means merely love of self through country. Through the nostalgic sentiments come the drives that result in sacrificial devotion to a national or racial cause. The understanding of political behavior cannot be complete in terms of any calculus of self-seeking motives; nor can the nostalgic elements be dismissed as epiphenomenal, incidental, and accidental. The nostalgic sentiments are fundamental, essential, and ubiquitous, and must be given due consideration in political analysis at either the theoretical or practical level.

THE existence in human nature of the nostalgic gives the possibility of protection against one of the greatest hazards to the organization of a durable peace, namely mass migrations of peoples. Fortunately the nostalgic sentiments cause most people to live out their lives in the setting of land, sea, and sky that became organized into them as their homeland. Economic and political conditions must become extremely severe to result in population movements, and accordingly, if we can secure a certain minimum provision for what is accepted as a satisfactory way of life, we shall be able to avoid the issues and struggles that would otherwise arise in efforts at mass population redistribution.

Nostalgic sentiments complicate behavior which is called economic. They add a further element of irrationality to conduct already recognized to be scarcely rational enough to justify the precosity of "straight economic thinking." In a world of increasing material abundance, human wants will express themselves in increasing measure as desire for the satisfaction of ego-aggrandizement. Pride, status, and prestige deriving from egoic sentiments have always been somewhat awkward to fit into economic theory, and it is likely that they will become more so. But being greed of a certain kind, the search for ego status does no essential violence to economic logic. The nostalgic sentiments, however, pointing as they do to a basis in nature for economic give-away, are much more difficult to handle. The

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nostalgic gives the impulse to holding investments beyond their time, to displays of uneconomic loyalty to partners, employees, and associates in the business craft, to irrational preferences for goods of a particular origin or tradition. It may become necessary to study quite realistically the role of human nature in economic behavior, and this being done, to examine the definiteness and assumptions on the basis of which economics asserts its conceptual separateness among the social sciences.

The understanding of interpersonal relationships also requires an appreciation of the role played by the nostalgic sentiments. We need to realize that friendship, affection, love, whether between persons of the same or of different sexes, have an emotional basis that is always in part and frequently dominantly nostalgic. Psychology can be charged with no error greater than permitting the almost exclusive identification of love and affection with the reproductive instinct and with sex. The most casual observation will show that this association to this degree is false, and that, except for the emotionality that is engendered by sex taboos, love and affection have as their essential basis the egoic and nostalgic sentiments. The love of David and Jonathan is not always, or even usually, a homosexual perversion; men and women may feel for each other deep affection that is neither adulterous nor lecherous; a girl may marry a man resembling her father without always or even frequently manifesting incest phantasies. The identification of sex with sin and of love with sex has been a heavy burden for the world.

Nostalgic sentiments are powerful in the maintenance of family life and family solidarity. The family normally provides conditions which are most favorable for the building of nostalgic foundations. As the life of the family unfolds from year to year with all its associations of place and of persons and of things, a nostalgic emotional structure is created that survives and grows when sex, the reproductive instinct, and even the egoic impulses themselves have become shadows or have faded away.

A recognition of the fundamental and pervasive influence of the nostalgic, under whatever names, will enable us to reinterpret human behavior with a new realism. This reinterpretation of human behavior will make it possible for us to rewrite the drama of sin and self and sex, to supplement the invisible hand that is presumed to fashion good from greed, and to discover in nature an antidote to the evils of predatory nationalism.

Almanac for Summer Reading

A Sampling of the Forthcoming Books

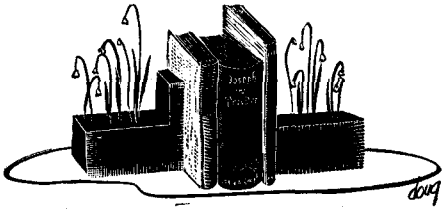
AMY LOVEMAN

July

AS THE war was reaching its end, when the enemy in Europe had already fallen and the enemy in the East was on the way to surrender, John Dos Passos, one of the most brilliant writers on the First World War and on events both at home and abroad that followed upon it, toured the lands where American soldiers had been fighting. In "Tour of Duty" (Houghton Mifflin), he sets down with sympathy, with understanding, and with vividness what he saw of the morale, the aspirations, and the attitudes of our youth in arms. An admirable piece of war reportage. . . .

★ ★

War in different guise, as it is lived on an auxiliary vessel—a cargo ship—is depicted in Thomas Haggen's



"Mister Roberts" (Houghton Mifflin). This is a lusty, humorous sea tale, a story of men without women living their days out in the monotony of the hot Pacific and bestowing their admiration upon their first lieutenant. It is breezy and ribald and not without tenderness. . . .

★ ★

The long history of the German people, a history in which Veit Valentin, who sought refuge for his scholarly labors in England and Switzerland when he fell under the ban of Hitler, is well versed, is set forth succinctly and with enough vivacity to give it appeal for the thoughtful general reader in "The German People" (Knopf). . . .

★ ★

Years ago, when the artist was an unknown man with his sketches appearing in an Australian paper, Arnold Bennett pronounced David Low the only significant cartoonist of the day. Since that time he has won and held world-wide recognition—how well he deserves it is plain to see in "Years of Wrath: A Cartoon History, 1931 to 1945" (Simon & Schuster). The scathing drawings and apt captions by Low are supplemented by brief textual elucidation of the events back of the drawings by Quincy Howe. . . .

★ ★

The very economy of means by which Christopher La Farge develops his story of the hurricanes of 1938 and 1944 in "The Sudden Guest" (Coward-McCann) conduces to the mounting tension and excitement of the tale. Centered about the reactions of a solitary woman in a house on the Rhode Island coast around which the storm rages, and in which while one hurricane is spending its force she lives over again in memory the earlier one, it is a taut, effective novel which holds the reader strongly in its grip. . . .

★ ★

Robert Penn Warren has been remarkably successful in reproducing the tempo, the tone, and the character of Southern life in "All the King's Men" (Harcourt, Brace), a powerful and effective portrayal of the making of a dictator. The book is interesting both as a convincing character study and as an interesting novel of locale. . . .

★ ★

George Orwell, or possibly his publisher for him, disclaims the direct parallel between his "Animal Farm" (Harcourt, Brace) and the U.S.S.R. and maintains that his novel is a satire on the totalitarian state in general rather than on Russia in particular. Whatever its wider implications may be, it certainly bears a vivid resemblance to the course of events in Soviet history. Here is a book which has originality, ingenuity, and wit—one of the few satires that hold up to the end. And what an end! . . .

★ ★

Howard Fast has chosen a dramatic episode of American history for his new novel, "The American" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The book takes as protagonist a man who in his day convulsed the United States as much as John L. Lewis does our own—Governor John Peter Altgeld of Illinois, radical sympathizer who came into collision with the authority of the Federal government. . . .

★ ★

Humor and tragedy mingle in Margery Sharp's "Britannia Mews" (Little, Brown), a novel which, while it contains the clever dialogue and amusing situations that this author has led us to expect, has more depth and somberness than her earlier works. It is a chronicle spanning the life of three generations of British

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people and reflecting changing minds and manners in England.

August

James Branch Cabell returns to the literary scene with a delightful if slight tale. It is the story of a Spanish gentleman of the eighteenth century who takes to piracy by way of winning the hand of his inamorata, encounters magic, and returns to his childhood again under its spell. The sleeper awakes to continue his normal life, marry the woman he loves, now dumpy and middle-aged, and to let Cabell (what a change is here!) point the moral of the romance of happy married love. "There Were Two Pirates" is the name of the book, and it is one of the first publications of the new publishing house of Farrar & Straus. Hail and long life to the latter! . . .

★ ★

By way of variety from more sober works of fiction is "To the Queen's Taste" (Little, Brown), an anthology of mystery stories in the play on whose title the knowing will discover the authorship of Ellery Queen.

★ ★

Another anthology, and one which is a noble field in which to browse, is Louis Kronenberger's "The Pleasure of Their Company" (Knopf). "This," the compiler says, "is the literature of men and women who have noted and understood, exposed or embellished, the way of the world." It contains both poetry and prose, fiction and non-fiction, and is a culling of the flowers of literature by a critic of wide reading and discriminating taste.

★ ★

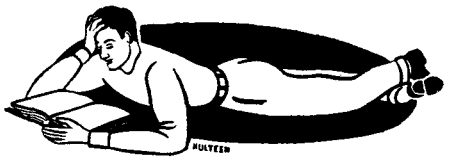
Letitia Preston Osborne has changed the skies of her fiction from Honduras, which was the scene of her last novel, to Boston in "Through Purple Glass" (Lippincott). There are some delightful characterizations in this book, and situations both amusing and touching. Gathered together in a rooming house are a group of people widely different in background and type. It is of their reactions and relations with one another and the outsiders with whom they come into contact that the story is woven. . . .

★ ★

Leland Stowe is one of the correspondents whose earnestness and sense of the momentousness of international affairs never loses the edge of its ardor. In "While the Time Remains" (Knopf) he passes in survey the condition of affairs in parts of the world where everything is on the boil. What he has to say is well worth the most careful consideration. . . .

★ ★

Halldór Laxness tills an entirely



new field in "Independent People" (Knopf), a novel of Iceland. This is a saga of simple, hardy folk, but not only of eccentric and sturdy characters. Through its pages pass tourists and foreigners; the modern impinges on the old, and the usual on the strange. It is an epic tale with a noble and poetic quality. . . .

★ ★

A novel that is extraordinary though possibly it will prove caviar to the general is Raoul C. Faure's "The Spear in the Sand" (Harper). It is the story of a young scientist who starts out on an expedition to chart ocean currents in the Southern Pacific, and is cast up, after the expedition comes to grief, on an uninhabited island. There he passes from youth to age, becoming part of the world around him in his knowledge and love of sea and earth and their creatures, and living too the life of the mind. A strange, provocative, and poetic book.

September

One of the most interesting biographies in prospect is the late Stefan Zweig's "Balzac" (Viking), which is now coming out in English. It is a book in which discernment, knowledge, and sympathy result in a work of high discrimination and pregnant interpretation. . . .

★ ★

John Mason Brown has gathered together a number of the pieces which have appeared in this review in his department "Seeing Things," and Whittlesey House is publishing them in a volume which bears the same title. These are essays in interpretation by one of the leading critics of the drama of our day, and stand up remarkably well when read in book form. . . .

★ ★

The mathematically minded will rejoice in Eric Temple Bell's "The Magic of Numbers" (Whittlesey). This is a book which demands a certain modicum of knowledge but which will be of great interest to those who are lay mathematicians as well as to professionals. . . .

★ ★

Of all the "mountain men" of the Far West Jim Bridger was the best-known and the most admirable. Stanley Vestal has written, and Morrow is to publish, a biography of him which is sound in scholarship and lively in narrative. Mr. Vestal had a picturesque career with which to deal and he has made the most of it. . . .

★ ★

Under the name Pierre Andrézel lies hidden an author whose work is among the most highly praised of recent years. It's a "she" and a foreigner, and her book "The Angelic Avengers" (Random House) is a volume of short stories. Three guesses as to the identity of the author. We won't tell. . . .

★ ★

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* have already had a sample of the charming reminiscences which Thomas W. Lamont is bringing out under the title "My Boyhood in a Parsonage" (Harpers). These are "simple annals of the poor," if a family so rich in affection and high thinking can be so denominated. It is a nostalgic volume in which one of the ablest and most influential men of our day looks back upon his youth with appreciation of all that made it beautiful. . . .

★ ★

The *Atlantic Monthly* figures largely in Ellery Sedgwick's autobiography, "The Happy Profession" (Little, Brown), for its noted former editor centers his most interesting reminiscences about it. Here is a book which should prove absorbing, especially to the literary and to those who have worked in the field of literature. Mr. Sedgwick, one of the most astute and able of editors, has much to say by which they can profit as well as be entertained. . . .

★ ★

Another delightful volume of autobiographical sort is "Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt" (Scribners). Those who have read T.R.'s earlier volume of letters to his children will know what a delectable correspondent he was, and how full of affection and small gossip of daily life and occasional comment on public affairs his communications to them were. These are more of the same and every whit as charming as the earlier ones. . . .

★ ★

Christine Weston's new novel, "The Dark Wood" (Scribners), plays in New York, and a seaside cottage, and Italy. Life has come to a standstill for its heroine when her husband is killed in battle, and she refuses to accept his death until she has actually seen his grave. She makes the journey to the cemetery where he lies buried, but loses her courage and returns to America without having entered it. Thenceforth her life is an evasion of reality until the entry of a new man into it finally begins it anew. The emphasis of the story is on the psychological involvements of its characters.

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Panorama of Edwardian England

THE SCARLET TREE. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 381 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. ROLO

THE three Sitwells, Beverly Nichols once remarked, "have genius enough for two," and, he might have added, talent enough for four. That, one feels, is just as it should be. Genius enough for three would have been a trifle showy, a little vulgar—and vulgarity is as alien to the Sitwells as Anglophilism to the *Chicago Tribune*. But a slight superfluity of talent in a trio endowed with so distinguished a heritage is simply a case of *noblesse oblige*.

That heritage is the richly patterned fabric into which Sir Osbert Sitwell has harmoniously woven the story of his childhood and adolescence. It is implicit even in the titles —"Left Hand, Right Hand!" and "The Scarlet Tree"—of the first two volumes of his leisurely autobiography, which promises to grow into a neo-Galsworthian saga. "The left hand," Sir Osbert explains, "symbolizes, as in the conception of a psalmist, birth and tradition; the right, what I have done for myself." The scarlet tree is "the wisdom of the blood, that fragile scarlet tree we carry within us."

The background of Osbert Sitwell's childhood was a sixteenth-century family estate in Derbyshire, home of his ancestors for three centuries. His father, Sir George, inherited a vast fortune and belonged to a family which has produced several men of exceptional talent. On his mother's side he was descended from the Plantagenet dynasty. When he was seven he sat to Sargent for a family group, which was duly exhibited in the Royal Academy. It was, indeed, a bounteous heritage for the writer of memoirs: the eccentric relations and the formidable dowagers, the family retainers, the family diaries, and the family ghosts—a black mannikin who would leap out of dark closets and a youth who wakened sleepers with cold kisses from the grave and once appeared, superbly costumed, at a masked ball, startling his partners by the icy touch of his gloved hands.

Sir Osbert's father was perhaps the crankiest of the eccentrics. Anything of which he disapproved would be annihilated with the remark: "I don't *allow* myself to see things like that." An author of erratic disposition, he amassed notes on such subjects as "The Origin of Surnames," "Lepers' Squints," "Wool-Gathering in Mediaeval Times and Since," and "The History of the Fork."

An inventor, too, he at various times designed a new type of mosquito net, a musical toothbrush which played "Annie Laurie" as you brushed your teeth, and a small revolver for killing wasps. During his travels in Italy, of which he was enamored, he would appear for dinner even in a sordid wayside *trattoria* dressed in white tie and tails.

An iconoclast himself, Sir George believed strongly in conventionality for his children. The great thing for a girl, he told his daughter, Edith, was to be bad at nothing and good at nothing. In conversation what men liked was an unending flow of remarks to which they need pay no attention. He insisted that Osbert be sent to the "best" preparatory schools and then to Eton. From the start Osbert was wretchedly unhappy at school. The system devised to train upper-class Englishmen for "leadership" and "responsibility" was for him an unending inquisition. "I liked Eton," he says, "except for work and games, for boys and masters."

We take leave of him in his seventeenth year. It was 1909. "The Merry Widow" was finishing a two-year run at Daly's. At the Alhambra he saw the *cocottes* of the day plying their trade on the promenade—"women in hats the size of bicycle wheels, piled up with ostrich feathers, their faces powdered and painted in the various shades of mauve, pink, salmon and cyclamen."

Edith Sitwell, his sister, who had just made her debut, indescribably shocked Lord Chaplin by inquiring whether he preferred Bach to Mozart, and had to be sent home. Motor cars were becoming common among the upper classes. The sweet pea was the flower of the age, replacing the camellia of crinoline and muslin days. The Edwardian Carnival was at its peak—and the Kaiser was building new battleships.

"The Scarlet Tree" is a child's-eye picture of Edwardian England, a portrait of a great family, and an astringent commentary on the adage that schooldays are "the happiest days of our lives." But it is, above all, the story of an artist's faltering voyage through boyhood, a remembrance of things past that fashioned the writer and critic who has played so prominent a role in "the Modern Movement" in England: an early sightseeing expedition to Kensington Palace that stirred the love of architecture; the inquisition at school, which developed in him (as in Rudyard Kipling) the habit of lying and so "produced the elements of novelist and story-teller"; travels in Italy where, under his father's guidance, "we learned our lesson in a school that teaches by example and feeling rather than by precept . . . so that we were (later) able to perceive genius where it existed in unfamiliar guises: the force and fire of Stravinsky, the constructive myth of Modigliani's peasants and the new element that entered into the theater with Diaghlieff's Russian Ballet."

Now in his fifty-fourth year, Sir Osbert Sitwell is the perfect exemplar of the artist-aristocrat, a type verging on extinction. His prose, patrician without pedantry, exquisitely sensitive without sentimentality, always perfectly balanced in its varying rhythms, is in the tradition of the great English stylists. His artistic erudition is profound, his taste faultless, and his devotion to art complete. "I care more for art than votes," he confesses, "and the best age for me is that which produces the finest flowers of the spirit. To me, Athens, based on a system of slave labor, will always be of more interest than a Free and Democratic Liberia." His prestige is immense among the more serious of the younger English writers, and his doctrine of art for art's sake appeals strongly, at this time, to a generation disgusted with the journalistic war novel and the vulgarization of literature by panderers to "popular taste."

Sir Osbert Sitwell is essentially a writer's writer. Some years ago he satirized, in these pages, "the Strong School of Women Novelists (whose) drumming fingers . . . rap out interminable novels of Life in the Raw." His own personal preference is for life delicately cooked and subtly seasoned.

"The Scarlet Tree" is not a book for the reader of robust appetite or intense social consciousness. It will appeal strongly to those who relish faultless prose and fine old houses, to the amateur of letters and the connoisseur of living.

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Only Yesterday with the A. P.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS NEWS ANNUAL: 1945. Volume I. By Russell Landstrom. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1946. 565 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

THE lag between action and world news has grown so short as almost to have vanished. On-the-scene reporting, using new media for transmitting words written or spoken, pictures static or moving, make the happening and its impact upon public opinion almost simultaneous. In the last hundred years the speed of the sailing ship has yielded, as the standard yardstick of global communication, to the speed of nerve impulses and radio waves. Andrew Jackson, we all know, licked Pakenham's redcoats on the levee because nobody knew that the war was over. Into the length of time it took them to bring the good news from Ghent to New Orleans, the modern world would have compressed large segments of demobilization, reconversion, Congressional post-mortems, the strikes and politics of normalcy, fraternization with enemies and rifts with allies, along with alternate spasms of pacifism and rearmament.

This reduction of the news lag from months to minutes has helped, by its example, to narrow the margin between news and history. Modern man—that egoist of the contemporary—has an appetite for reliving his own life and times. From Gibbon's centuries we have come to Mark Sullivan's single generation, thence to Frederick L. Allen's decades, and finally to the annals of last year, with a dip into 1946 and a hasty glance at futurity. All our yesterdays move insensibly into today and crowd the heels of tomorrow. If Henry Adams were living now, he would probably try to work out the rate of acceleration in accord with the law of inverse squares.

The present volume, edited by Mr. Landstrom from Associated Press stories and pictures of 1945, is not the first attempt to survey last year's history while it is still smoking-hot. One recalls two volumes by Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson, "In 1936" and "In 1937," which had no successors. But this is a bigger book, with greater wealth of detail, and a very useful chronology of events day by day. It is also a more exciting book. For the year 1945 outstripped all its fellows in the march of drama, the rising crescendo of the months—victory of the Ardennes bulge and invasion of Luzon in January, Yalta and Iwo Jima in February, the Remagen bridgehead and the massive Russian breakthrough in March, the death of President Roosevelt and opening of the San Francisco Conference in April, and V-E Day in May. June brought the epic of Okinawa, and July the defeat of Churchill. Then in early August came what A. P. news editors—and the rest of the world—voted "the biggest of all news stories of 1945," at that a ludicrous understatement, for it easily dominated V-J Day and the war's end. Mushroom clouds over Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought a new shape to the horizon of the world. The rest of the year, to reporter and historiographer, could not help being an anticlimax—even with the surrender in Tokyo Bay in September, the flare of Indonesian independence in October, the opening of the Nuremberg trials in November, and the rising tide of strikes that December brought to the United States.

This, the greatest collection of news stories within a single year of history, is here summarized. One longs for still more quotations verbatim from the correspondents who were there. Under fatigue, gunfire, and almost intolerable conditions men often wrote their best—with clarity, simplicity, and thrilling courage. Hal Boyle's fine dispatches filed from the spearhead of the First Army into Germany are as striking for their unconscious good writing as occasional addenda made apparently by the editor of this book are for their rococo rhetoric. Take the description of the burial of Himmler, his grave spread with leafmold "so as to leave no trace that under it lay the basilisk of Berlin, the spoiling flesh of one who strode most murderously across the Nazi stage." (Reading the previous page, grammarians will boggle at a sentence like "Wrapped only in blankets—his clothes had been taken from him for fear he might have poison hidden in them—an examining doctor told him to open his mouth," and grimace at such a mouthful as "The only persons who resembled human beings in the streets of what had been in the old days a vibrant city were the Soviet soldiers.")

This book offers an interesting comparison with the three little books issued last year by the Columbia Broadcasting System, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt: A Memorial," "From D-Day Through Victory in Europe," and "From Pearl Harbor into Tokyo." Compiled largely from broadcasts of the same events treated by "The Associated Press News Annual," these books suggest the even greater immediacy of radio over the press in reporting world news, but show the same essential simplicity, vividness, and interest in homely detail which trained observers under crisis use so effectively. These are the great stylists of modern journalism—not the rewrite men, digesters, and commentators. Elaborate sentences are almost as obsolete as flintlocks. The structural influence of Latin upon English expression is weaker than it has ever been since the Norman Conquest. Patience, elegance, sonority, complex-compound forms, the intricate balance of qualifiers and antitheses—all have yielded to the terse, abrupt, nervous sentence and frequently the one-sentence paragraph. Verbs and nouns are the sinews of this speech, and to hell with modifiers. Men now tend to write much as they have always talked. There are no involuted Homeric similes now, although one may catch the fleeting touch of comparison. (From the mud of Flanders, Wes Gallagher writes: "Trucks, tanks and guns slid around like giraffes on roller skates.") And, perhaps best of all, we find something missing from the records of Caesar's legions or the campaigns of Marlborough: the quoted remarks, salty, ribald, profane, and heroic, of men in the ranks, along with the irrepressible jokes, because, as Boyle reported from the east bank of the Rhine, "All American soldiers joke in the shadow of danger." And this was their war.

This Is Our Star

By David Morton

THE afternoon and I arrive
Over the curving rim of space,
And find the summer leaves alive
With green and slow, inordinate grace;

Find meadows sleepy in the sun,
And panoplied, and plumed in gold,
Whose burning crests have never done
With legend that is never told;

Find two who know a way to go
Between the summer sky and land,
And, knowing what it is they know,
Must needs be going hand in hand. . . .

And now, upon the eastern steep,
The peering other stars arise,
To gaze across our fragrant sleep,
With green and gold and envious eyes.

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The Big Three conference at Yalta opened February 2. "Both Democrats and Republicans said that it held out high hopes for future peace."

New York, V-E Day. Sgt. Arthur Moore of Buffalo watches New Yorkers celebrate.

Potsdam—two faces are new. "From the conferences came the ultimatum to Japan to surrender at once or be destroyed."

Second in command, then first, then nowhere. "Goering's race and rule were over."

—*From "The Associated Press News Annual."*

Lueneberg, September 24. Number 9 is Irma Grese, assistant to Josef Kramer, the "Beast of Belsen." Kramer was hanged. So was Grese.

Nagasaki, August 10. The second bomb was "a big improvement" over the first.

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Basement of an Ivory Tower

THE ABSOLUTE WEAPON. Edited by Bernard Brodie. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 203 pp. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

THIS tenth published monograph of the Yale Institute of International Studies is the first in which the researches of several Institute members on a common problem are presented together. The problem is that of the atomic bomb; it is defined in an introduction by Frederick S. Dunn, director of the Institute, and discussed in three parts of the book. The first part, which treats of the weapon in its effects on war and on future military and naval policy, is the work of Bernard Brodie. In the second part, entitled "Political Consequences," Arnold Wolfers discusses the impact of the bomb on American-Soviet relations, and Percy E. Corbett considers its effect on international organization. Part III, dealing with the international control of atomic weapons, was written by William T. R. Fox.

The book is described in the publisher's blurb as one "to clear away the hysteria that has left us with the idea that our only alternatives, in the face of the atomic bomb, are immediate world government or chaos. It points to the road the nations of the world must follow to find freedom from fear of the absolute weapon." This is an overstatement. The book is a thoughtful piece of work which suffers badly by comparison with the State Department's celebrated "Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy," so far as the pointing out of roads to nations is concerned. The best the Yale team offers in the way of security against the atomic bomb is the setting up of all nations in such a position that each can blast any other off the earth at the drop of a critical mass. Fear of retaliation is then relied on to keep the peace. This clears away none of my personal hysteria.

Brodie's section on the military effects of the bomb is generally excellent. For example, he is one of the relatively few who realize the complete pointlessness of the forthcoming "experiment" at Bikini. He says of the tests: "They can provide no answer to the basic question of the utility of sea power in the future. . . . It is still possible for navies to lose all reason for being even if they themselves remain completely immune." While it does not take any great wit to realize this, a lot of people have overlooked it.

The two principal weaknesses of this section are Brodie's bearishness on rockets and on the possibilities of sabotage. He says: "At present the only instrument for bombardment at distances of over two hundred miles is the airplane. The controlled rocket capable of thousands of miles of range is still very much in the future." Everyone is entitled to his opinion, but the first sentence quoted is wrong on the record, and I'll give five to two against the assertion made in the second.

Brodie's depreciation of the possibilities of sabotage is apparently based on a misunderstanding of the way in which the bomb is made and detonated, which is not surprising in view of the excitement about the "secret of the atomic bomb." He does not seem to realize that the only

part of the finished bomb which is outside the capabilities of well-equipped foreign agents is some twenty pounds or so of atomic explosive.

These are not altogether captious criticisms. The basis for the extravagant reliance on immediate retaliation as a deterrent to atomic bomb attack is laid in these chapters. Only a reluctance to believe in the possibility of sabotage and in the efficacy of long-range rockets could lead the authors to assume that the launching sites of retaliatory attacks would not have been destroyed in the first moments of an atomic aggressor's undertaking. It lends a certain air of unreality to the whole argument that the contrary possibility is never mentioned.

Wolfers's chapter on Soviet-American relations concludes that "a well-planned and comprehensive policy of determent aimed at preventing the Soviet Union from risking a war with this country offers appreciable chances of success." The careful discussion which precedes this remarkable conclusion offers little ground for optimism.

Corbett's chapter on the effect of the bomb on international organizations points out that nations can no longer achieve security by unilateral action, and that our future safety can only lie in "the fullest and speediest possible development of all the conciliatory, judicial, economic, and social activities planned for the United Nations . . . with the constant effort to devise . . . a system of control over the use of atomic energy."

Fox's chapter on the international control of atomic weapons has nothing but scorn for what is called "world government right now." It is concluded that, since world government is presently infeasible, it is therefore undesirable. Fox explores and deplores what he regards as an alternative proposed by many: the immediate preventive war against Russia. Policies described as "tell-all" and "do-nothing" are next taken up and discarded.

When he has to make some positive assertions, Fox is in favor, it seems, of treaties calling for automatic retaliation in the event of attack on one of the signatories, and of efforts to make sure that the number of bombs maintained altogether by the independently-armed sovereign nations of the world is a little too small to "reduce the earth to a smoldering ruin." He says, with incontrovertible truth: "A spectacular and complete solution to the vexing and grave problem of the international control of atomic weapons is not now within our grasp."

I confess to a little impatience with this book. I am outraged by arguments which conclude that, since we can't have world government tomorrow, it is clearly a bad idea. I am distressed that a collection of scholarly essays has nothing better to offer in the way of positive suggestion than that we should all get ready to knock the other fellow's block off if he starts anything. I am disappointed when the only motive imputed to the "tell-all" school is that of sweetening the international atmosphere, when every day spent in our present situation of Army-stifled nuclear physics is one day we have wasted in the armaments race now going on.

Those interested in learning what can and should be done to make a start on the problem of living in the same world with fissionable material will do better to buy the Acheson report for thirty-five cents than to read this book. Those who do buy this book will get their money's worth in Brodie's discussion of armaments and war in an atomic era.

Meanwhile, I'd like to know the difference between an international atomic development authority (which the Yale authors all favor) and the first operating agency of a genuine world government.

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What Is the "Natural Lifespan"?

THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE. By Dr. Alexander A. Bogomolets. New York: Essential Books, Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 98 *pp.* $1.50.

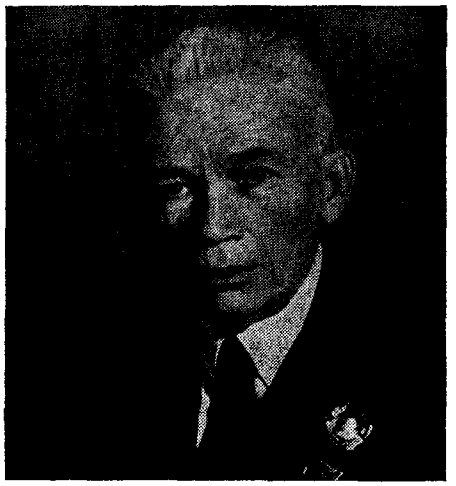
Reviewed by MARTIN GUMPERT, M.D.

IT IS ironical that at a time when the value of living has become questionable to so many, the prolongation of life is passing the threshhold from Utopia to reality. As soon as it does, it joins the explosive and ambivalent forces of our civilization, it adds to both our hopes and fears, it may increase our happiness or may aggravate our miseries. The pessimist may be appalled by the continuation of suffering and unhappiness throughout a prolonged lifespan, and the optimist foresee greater wisdom and greater maturity for a mankind which is no longer threatened by premature death.

The idea of life prolongation has had a magic influence on human imagination since antiquity. Hundreds of books have been written by philosophers and physicians around this problem, some of them still readable: Luigi Cornaro's "Temperate Life," for instance, Sir William Temple's "Health and Long Life," Lord Bacon's "History of Life and Death," C. W. Hufeland's "Makrobiotik."

Modern science has produced the attempts of Brown-Séquard and Metchnikoff, of Steinach and Voronoff. All of them have been more ridiculed than respected. But there exist facts today which have taken us rather by surprise, and which cannot be ridiculed: the average lifespan has increased from forty-eight years in 1900 to about sixty-six years in 1946. The old-age group of our population is rapidly increasing. This country will in a short time face a population of about 20,000,000 beyond the age of sixty. This world will be either a gigantic old-age asylum, or we shall succeed in securing health and productivity and social usefulness for those in advanced years.

Medicine suddenly is taking old age seriously. A special field of research called "geriatrics" has developed. Two basic facts have been widely acknowledged: (1) Prolongation of life does not mean prolonging life *beyond* its natural limit, but extending life *to* its natural limit. We do not know yet man's natural lifespan. Many scientists agree that it may be between 125 and 150 years. (2) Very few people die of "old age." Most people die prematurely from disease. Disease can be prevented and cured. Very little has been done, so far, to



"Dr. A. A. Bogomolets's discovery, antireticular cytotoxic serum, has been grossly misrepresented to the laity of this country."

investigate or treat the specific diseases of later age. Conditions which have been thought to be unavoidable and incurable companions of aging, like arteriosclerosis, are now being recognized as pathological conditions open to treatment.

In the vivid discussion of old-age problems, we hear more and more of Dr. A. A. Bogomolets. His discovery, the antireticular cytotoxic serum (ACS), has been grossly misrepresented to the laity of this country in a number of irresponsible and sensational articles. "The Prolongation of Life," an authentic version of his ideas, is, therefore, a happy and much-needed publishing event. Unfortunately, this small book, of tremendous popularity in Soviet Russia, has its deficiencies which could not be overcome by the able and careful translation.

It undoubtedly will be, in its fragmentary style, often too complicated for the layman and too superficial for the expert, who will have to study the elaborate scientific literature on the subject. Most of the book is devoted to historical notes and to Dr. Bogomolets's doctrine about the process of aging. This part of the book "contains a number of debatable statements," as one of the translators, Dr. Peter V. Karpovich, states in a brief preface. Only a short chapter deals with "the cytotoxic stimulation of bodily functions," Dr. Bogomolets's specific contribution to old-age research.

According to Bogomolets, the much-neglected connective tissue of our organism plays an important part in the process of aging and in the mechanism of chronic degenerative diseases. His serum, prepared by using human connective tissue elements, opens the way to stimulating degenerated connective tissue and restoring it to a normal state. The so-called ACS serum is being widely used all over Soviet Russia. It has been found successful in a number of acute infectious diseases, in the healing of wounds and fractured bones, in the treatment of acute rheumatic and arthritic conditions, in cases of infection after birth or abortion, in lung abscesses, even in nervous and mental diseases.

Dr. Bogomolets does not claim that ACS cures cancer, but he believes from his experiences that its use can prevent the recurrence of cancer after operation. If the value of ACS in the fight against chronic degenerative diseases, like arteriosclerosis, could be definitely established, then its use would, indeed, prolong life considerably because, as I have said, most people now die prematurely of such diseases.

The Bogomolets serum, or its American equivalent, is now being tried out in this country. No definite conclusions have yet been made. But it can probably be safely stated that the principle of the cytotoxic serum contains one of the most promising methods at our disposal for treating degenerative diseases. We hope that further discussion will be transferred from popular magazines to scientific circles.

We will hear more about Bogomolets in the near future. And we hope that his book stimulates a better understanding of his most important work.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 157

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 157 will be found in the next issue.

BKAPKAX CFKA TLBR DLPG

OAXMP PGFKOGPZ.

PF HXELXJX LB PGX

GXAFLN TMSXZ GXAFXZ.

HXBWMTLB BLZAMXEL—

NFBLBOZHC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 156

A bumper of good liquor will end a contest quicker than justice, judge or vicar.

R. B. SHERIDAN
Duenna.

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A Reservoir of Reading

AMERICAN LEGEND. Selected by Robert van Gelder and Dorothy van Gelder. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc. 1946. 535 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

WHEN I first saw the title, I thought this book would be a collection of such legends as how Mt. Washington got itself born or how Paul Bunyan pulled the equator up north to make it warm for hisself, with perhaps an undercurrent of the exploits of Railroad Bill and Stacker Lee to spice the pie. But when the pie was opened, a bird of another feather began to sing. Not Mike Fink's brag and swagger but Edith Wharton's and Bette Davis's intense "Old Maid"; not the gentle Johnny Appleseed but his choleric opposite Clarence Day's father. The compilers have used legend in its literal sense of something to be read. The nearest their collection of modern American writing gets to mythic haze is the mountain mist which swirls around Stephen Vincent Benét's tall tale of the Devil and the mighty Daniel whose other name was Webster.

The idea of the book sprang out of a vacation trip in which Mr. and Mrs. van Gelder noted the boredom of many of their fellow-tourists. The van Gelders weren't bored; they had read too much about America. "We decided," writes Mr. van Gelder, "that it might be a good idea to assemble a kind of reservoir of reading, consisting of word pictures of American life that were sharp enough to stick in our minds and hardy enough to grow into our imaginations and fine enough to be repeatedly enjoyed."

In other words, what the editors hoped to achieve was a book which would give depth to the American scene, make it vibrate with echoes of the past. They wanted the man who drives through the lush lowlands of southern Indiana to hear beneath the hum of his motor the wild hoofbeats and yells of Morgan's raiders. They wanted the summer visitor to New Bedford to see over the spindles to the grinning cannibals with unholy flesh on their bones who once chatted on the corners of the whaling city's streets. To accomplish this purpose they have struck straight at fiction, brushing aside all the recent tell-you-what-and-where writing about America's rivers, towns, states, and sections. There were good reasons for this concentration on fiction. Stories are easy reading. They distill place and person. From them the reader learns easily, sometimes unknowingly, by absorption.

The dominant and best strain in American letters is humor, and such a selection of our better fiction as this naturally reflects that slant. In these stories American humor speaks in all its rich variety—sad in O. Henry, full of flourish and bravura in Bret Harte, cool to the point of wit in Eudora Welty, warm and folksy in Booth Tarkington, farcical in Thurber, wise in the wisdom of the heart in Mark Twain. Much of the lovely and lovable casualness of American life sings through this humor—little girls skipping along sidewalks, swinging their straw hats by their elastics; old women rocking out their ease after supper on the front porch behind the morning-glory vines. Such writing does much to make a man content with his lot, glad that he is a common, ordinary guy with a stake in all such experiences. Reading through this book, such a man may learn that his life and the life of other tolerant, easy-going, credulous Americans can have beauty and wonder.

Mr. van Gelder's introduction is a strikingly good job of reporting. His description of the August day on which President Truman announced the end of the war is a superb localization of a climactic moment. Against a background of war restlessness he has described the little inconsequential things people do in their attempt to express a feeling too big for immediate realization. Making the ordinary eloquent, he has caught and held a supreme moment of history. Here is *the* day preserved for posterity. Here is the way we felt on that occasion, for the future to read and to know, and perhaps to appreciate as needed.

Many anthologies are dull because the compiler works too hard some arbitrary principle of selection. This collection of nine short stories, three complete novels, and liberal selections from five books shows how engaging an anthology can be. Because their criterion has been writing which provides good entertainment, the van Gelders have made a most pleasant and enjoyable collection of American prose.

Eskimos Are All Right

WHERE THE HIGH WINDS BLOW. By Bruce D. Campbell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

IN Stalag Luft III, in eastern Germany, Bruce Campbell of the R.C.A.F. told his fellow prisoners about his bygone experiences as a Hudson's Bay Company trader in the Canadian Arctic. With one of them, Philip Bear, an English artist who had been a seaman on a whaler north of the sixtieth parallel, he put together a tale of the Eskimo tribes whom we customarily think of as savages. Somehow, the Eskimos emerge far better than a nation we had once thought of as civilized.

Bruce Campbell served the Hudson's Bay Company beyond the Arctic Circle for four years. He came to know the Eskimos better than he remembered the society he had left behind him. In these primitive people he saw all the emotions we think reserved for more genteel living. Yet the individualism of the white man's world was lacking. If there was plenty of meat, no one went hungry. If meat was scarce, all faced starvation. "The Eskimo is communistic," writes Campbell. "He shares everything. He shares his sled, his dogs, his wife. He does not explain life. He lives."

Does this mode of behavior deprive people of the sensibilities and feelings reserved for the higher species? Constable Boorman of the Royal Mounted perishes on the ice pack, and the Eskimos tenderly carry him to a grave in the frozen ground. They clothe the body in the scarlet tunic which had been his most prized garment in life, and they walk with bowed heads to the burial place.

Campbell writes with warm affection about these simple people who dwell at the top of our continent. One feels his admiration and friend-

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ship for the Eskimos, even though he fails to make the most of many episodes, whether they be the walrus hunt or the young native girl seeking his bed at night. He has high words of praise for the dealings of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Eskimos. He insists that the company is absolutely fair and just in its trading practices. This may be true. He overlooks, however, the social triviality of instilling in primitive men and women a desire for such worthless knick-knacks as beads, bracelets, music boxes, and painted dishes. He points out that there are more Eskimos in Greenland than in Alaska and Canada combined. He neglects to add that this is largely due to the wiser ways in which the Danes have dealt with these farthest north human beings.

When Campbell writes his conclusion in the prison camp at Sagan, Germany, one has the feeling that from his association with the Eskimos he has acquired qualities of patience and endurance which have enabled him to withstand the trials of barbed wire and Nazi questioning. "I have won from the Innuit something that will never leave me," he writes, "and wherever the trail may lead I will always remember them."

Campbell and Bear will undoubtedly remember the "civilized" Germans, too, but for a different set of reasons.

Louis Bromfield, Pamphleteer

A FEW BRASS TACKS. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 303 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

BROMFIELD'S first eight books were novels. Living abroad between the wars, and homesick, he wrote a ninth, "The Farm," in part autobiographical, in part a personal testament, and last year he published "Pleasant Valley," a sequel to "The Farm." Having told in this wise of the commercial and industrial dissolution of the rural Ohio of his boyhood, and again of his vigorous personal effort to restore the soil, the springs, and the native values of his home valley, he stands forth now even more vigorously to raise troubling questions and declare his answers. The present book, his twenty-first, is his first venture into book-length pamphleteering. In some ways it is the most revelatory of all his works. Taking start in admitted doubt and confusion, it grows before your eyes.

The subject is human weal, as opposed to a vain and superficial show of wealth: the maintenance of a living and renewing soil as opposed to cash-crop plunder quickly spent amid increasing gullies; ever-flowing springs, shining rivers, and increasing wildlife as opposed to aridity, pollution, and sterility; health and hope built into people from the ground up, as opposed to the sort of decadence which in parts of our washed-out Cotton South produced only three boys out of ten who were fit for the Army, and on top of that produced Bilbo.

"A Few Brass Tacks" explores "this Age of Irritation in which man, caught in the maze of his own selfishness, stupidity, ambition, greed

Louis Bromfield: "For the seeing . . . mind the material facts of daily existence lead inevitably toward an ultimate mysticism."

and intricate mechanical ingenuity, lives in a perpetual state of nerves with his neighbors, with fellow-men on the other side of the earth whom he has never seen, indeed with his own wife and children." A pagan, perhaps, but in respect to all such fundamental dislocations deeply troubled, and fired with the wrath of God, Bromfield is a powerful preacher. Even at points where I disagree with him I like it. In a land sick at source we have too many half-hearted men. To an all but unique degree Louis Bromfield combines sound peasant instincts with the more generous insight of a highly civilized citizen of the world.

He does his own thinking in his own way. Some of it, as I read it, fails to connect. Quite properly, in principle, he slashes into the early agrarian New Dealers' drives to induce a relative scarcity of farm products as "superficial" and "idiotic," but he fails to see or to show that this was a rebellious counterstroke to relative-scarcity prices already imposed by general business—prices sustained by tariffs and by surreptitious intra-agreements which limited factory output. Tariffs, moreover, are a subsidy; so were the original land grants to railroads, corporations, and individuals. If subsidies of any sort blight and disgrace a business or calling, as Bromfield seems instinctively to feel, present-day farming is not uniquely degraded. I do not think that Hugh H. Bennett, to whom, for one, this book is dedicated, would agree without reservation that "subsidies only aggravate the evils of a poor agriculture." As Chief of the Soil Conservation Service, Bennett has often testified to vast groundline improvements which went forward farther and faster after the Agricultural Adjustment Administration shifted its incentive payments to induce not scarcity, but decent husbandry. On like grounds, I doubt if Chester C. Davis, who administered the earlier Triple-A drives, would agree that the original model was better than the present one.

I am glad, however, that in that pursuit of his declared effort to stimulate "discussion and abuse" Bromfield so heartily dedicates this book to Chester Davis and Hugh Bennett. That should help moderate the moans of those who see in him only an irresponsible anarchist, invariably ag'in the Government and all Government men. Louis Bromfield, I have noticed, may bypass explicit facts at times but arrive at the right and penetrating answer, and generally as to persons he is uncannily right. Almost at a glance he can spot a heel or a stuffed shirt, in private life or public, and he leaps to champion with equal ardor a good and effective man.

Unlike most long speeches, this book gets better and better as it goes along. It grows far beyond an expression of carping about and sputtering irritation. "For the seeing and understanding mind," Bromfield remarks in his final chapter on "The Nature of Man," "the material facts of our daily existence lead inevitably toward an ultimate mysticism, endowed with moral law and religious conviction. . . . A man may have five automobiles in his garage and bathrooms with mauve matching toilet paper and still be an utter barbarian. . . . The ideal world, the world in which man attains his fullest development, would be a world in which man utilized the mechanical-industrial side of his existence to free him for the practice of the things which in their total represent civilization."

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The Ethical Meat of the Bible

A BIBLE FOR THE LIBERAL. Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. New York: Philosophical Library. 1946. 368 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

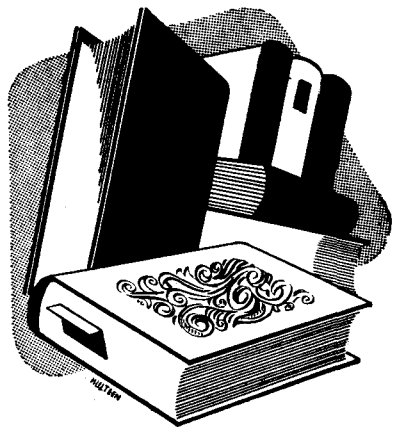
DR. RUNES conducted a one-man poll among liberals to find out if they ever read the Bible. Apparently about ninety-nine per cent answered no. There were all shades of negation, from the openly derisive to the completely indifferent. Dr. Runes's anthology is his resultant effort to stimulate liberals to examine a book they have neglected to their own detriment. It seeks "to help those with prejudicial eyes to get a view of the majestic panorama which unfolds itself in the writings of the great Hebrew men of God, some of whom are known to us as Messianists, or Christians." If everything in the Bible that liberals call "mythology" and all material not pertaining to ethical principles be deleted, perhaps bibliophobes might be persuaded to glance at the book. That is what this anthologist hopes. He has a further purpose. Mr. Runes hopes that when Christians realize that their Bible is the work of "simple Jewish men," they will lose some of the "antagonism in their hearts to the Jewish people."

This is not a new way of looking at the Bible. The Protestant Episcopal Church in America applied to the Apocrypha rules that Mr. Runes would use for the entire Biblical literature. In 1801, the Protestant bishops, clergy, and laity decided that the Apocrypha was to be "read for example of life and instruction of manners." It was not an appropriate source "to establish any doctrine."

Dr. Runes proposes to delete from his anthology every chapter and verse of the Bible that cannot be read profitably and solely for example of life and instruction of manners. He is not concerned with doctrine. No genealogies, no dogma or doctrine, no wars or wanderings of the Jewish people—only what contributes to a better understanding of the meaning of life will be found in his pages.

This is a well-conceived effort to interest readers in the best thought of Judaism and Christianity. It is probably by no means fortuitous that the anthology includes much of the best literature in the Bible. Lin Yutang in a brief foreword justifies selectivity with the comment, "Sometimes these jewels shine better without elaborate settings." Undoubtedly in their isolation these selections make a deeper and more lasting impression.

The Book of Job, here called "The Ballad of Job," comes out best among the books of the Bible, as most of it



is included here. The extracts from Ecclesiastes show the disillusionment of the gentle cynic. To this there is a powerfully written antidote which is less known because it is found in the Apocrypha. This is "The Wisdom of Solomon," of which a great part is included. It answers most effectively and in striking words the hedonism of the earlier writer. Surprisingly enough, the Sermon on the Mount and St. Paul's eulogy of charity are almost the only samples from the New Testament.

This anthology wisely includes the little known "Writings of Jesus, Son of Sirach" for the benefit of those who love literary quality and wise counsel. The soldiers back from the wars will find at least one verse of this book decidedly to their liking. Here it is written "There be two things that grieve my heart—a man of war that suffereth poverty; and men of understanding that are not set by."

Mr. Runes avoids the paraphernalia of the traditional Bible that interferes with the pleasure of reading. He uses the King James translation, although his selections from Job and the Apocrypha would perhaps have been more readily understood in the Revised Version. His book is an interesting experiment that effectively bridges the gap between the fundamental ethical principles of Judaism and Christianity.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING

In each of the literary comparisons made below one of the four factors has been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 72 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 44.

1. Homer Brown : Henry Aldrich : : Joe Harper : .....
2. Thatcher Colt : Anthony Abbot : : ..... : S. S. Van Dine.
3. Porphyro : ..... : : Lorenzo : Jessica.
4. ..... : Twelve Oaks : : Renny Whiteoak : Jalna.
5. Samuel Clemens : Charles Dodgson : : Mark Twain : .....
6. Dink Stover : Yale : : ..... : Oxford.
7. Sancho Panzo : ..... : : Grimaud : D'Artagnan
8. ..... : M. Madeleine : : Jimmy Valentine : Ralph Spencer.
9. Phileas Fogg : The Reform Club : : Mycroft Holmes : .....
10. Life Among the Lowly : Love Behind a Throne : : ..... : Graustark.
11. Dora Copperfield : ..... : : Bertha Rochester : Jane Eyre.
12. ..... : Alfred Davidson : : Thais : Paphnutius.
13. Tom Faggis : Winnie : : Dick Turpin : .....
14. The Connecticut Yankee : Hank Morgan : : ..... : Ralph Hartsook.
15. Tom Sawyer : ..... : : Penrod Schofield : Marjorie Jones.
16. ..... : "Prairie Belle" : : John Maynard : "Ocean Queen."
17. Calypso : ..... : : Haidee : Don Juan
18. Charlotte Lovell : Victor Campion : : ..... : Perennial Bachelor.
19. Capt. Reece : "Mantlepiece" : : Capt. Corcoran : .....
20. ..... : Sherlock Holmes : : Archie Goodwin : Nero Wolfe.
21. Harry Bailey : ..... : : John Snell : Rainbow Inn.
22. Grenfell Lorry : Rudolf Rassendyll : : ..... : Ruritania.
23. Ah Sin : Euchre : : Sarah Battle : .....
24. ..... : Bunter : : John Thorndyke : Polton.
25. Harvey Cheney : "We're Here" : : Jim Hawkins : .....

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The Outlook For Japan

JAPAN'S PROSPECTS. Edited by Douglas G. Haring. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 474 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

MILITARY Government in Japan is a going and successful concern today. Its success is greater than even the greatest optimists could have expected. Compared with its achievements, the failure of the Four Powers governing Germany is overwhelming, for the example of Japan proves that the battle of the peace could have been won in Germany, too, if only it had been fought by truly united nations.

To a considerable extent, the success of American Military Government in Japan is due to the thorough training which the officers and enlisted men who are now engaged in civil affairs activities overseas received in our universities and colleges. Those of us who were participating in the thrilling and often disheartening task of preparing the ground for this training remember its difficulties and frustrations. Within a short time, and often without the necessary human resources, a strong force of military administrators had to be created which was to become the nucleus of an army of specialists equipped to win the peace.

"Japan's Prospects" is the result of the collective labors of nine men who were engaged, in the School for Overseas Administration at Harvard University, in the training of officers of the Army and Navy for military government duties in Japan. The book lacks uniformity to some extent. That, however, is the customary criticism against any work of the symposium type. It overlooks the positive qualities of a collective effort; they account for a broader viewpoint and a greater display of knowledge of a complicated subject which one individual would have found difficult, if not impossible, to cover. What is needed to make a symposium a success, besides expert knowledge, is unity of purpose. This is a quality which our book possesses to a high degree. The connecting link may be briefly described as faith in the democratic process. If all the former student-officers at Harvard who are now in Japan have clearly understood and accepted this stubborn purpose, we need not be pessimistic over Japan's prospects.

The book starts out with a sketchy investigation, by Edward Ackerman, of the have-not nation slogan which was so effectively used by Japan and her partners as a weapon of psychological warfare. The author hits the nail on the head by stressing that Japan, while endowed with a considerable wealth of resources, owes her poverty to her fecundity. So long as there are three or four children in a Japanese family, Japan will face serious resource problems. Professor G. Nye Steiger gives a condensed outline of two thousand years of Japanese history, culminating in the surrender ceremony in Tokyo Bay. Talkott Parsons presents the scoiologist's view of population and social structure in Japan and stresses the tensions within the masses which will endanger any attempt to create a truly democratic society.

The most original and, I believe, most important contribution is an analysis of Japan's farm-tenancy system. This study is by Seiyei Wakukawa, who was born in Okinawa and graduated from the University of Hawaii. His recommendations include a revolutionary change of the whole land system in order to give increased acreage to each tenant, as well as a modernization of the tenancy system itself. This modernization includes the expropriation and redivision of all unused lands, the breaking up of large holdings, particularly by absentee owners, and the reduction of rents and revision of terms of tenure. It is significant that MacArthur's experts have already started to tackle some of these truly vital problems. The next chapter, by Edward Ackerman, deals with industrial and commercial prospects; the author is moderately optimistic, perhaps too optimistic, about Japan's chance to maintain and develop markets for her light manufactures (provided she is allowed the raw materials).

The editor of the symposium, Professor Douglas G. Haring, who lived in Japan for seven years, explores the intangibles of Japan's prospects in two extremely interesting chapters on "Religion, Magic, and Morale" and on "The Challenge of Japanese Ideology." I hope that all of his former students have been affected by his basic conclusions, which can be best summed up in his own cautious words that "military victory per se neither vindicates nor destroys ideologies. Force shows which side is stronger, not which side is 'right.' A rare historical opportunity enables the United Nations to follow military victory by ideological victory—if indeed they rise to the occasion."

Back to the tangibles, and Merle Fainsod describes the fundamentals of military government in Japan, while Frederick M. Watkins, with extreme caution, investigates the prospects of constitutional evolution and democratic initiative. William H. Chamberlin's contribution on "Russian Policies in the Far East" is too sketchy to permit any new insights on Japan's prospects as seen through Russian glasses. The concluding chapter, on international problems, is by Carl J. Friedrich, the director of the School for Overseas Administration at Harvard. In candid language, he states the very greatness of our task. Nobody can foresee at present whether Japan has been eliminated as a threat to world peace or whether she will return to the bloody scene as ally of a power which desires to wage war upon another power before another twenty-five years. We don't know, and because we don't, Japan's prospects cannot be treated as an isolated problem, but depend on the success or failure of a world peace structure.

This book is not only stimulating because of the wealth of knowledge displayed; it is also a hopeful book because of its underlying spirit. If our military administrators in Japan accept this spirit and act accordingly, a new type of Japanese democracy may win a decisive victory in the Prussia of the East.

Gift For A Child

By Witter Bynner

BESIDES these gifts I found for you in town
Let me not fail to bring
Leaves of my autumn easing down
Like a rain in spring.

Let me not too envious be
Of your young years
Nor feel too wistfully
Our being peers.

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WHITHER BOUND?

ONCE again the undergraduate is abroad in the land, storming the bastions of opportunity. It is a fearful world he has been ushered into—a fearful and a wonderful one. For the years in which his manhood will lie will determine the fate of humanity; either the nations will use the new weapons science has put in their hands for raising mankind to a plentitude of living such as it has never known before, or they will go down to destruction.

There is one notable difference between the attitude of youth on this morrow of war and that of its predecessors of a quarter of a century ago. Then, for a brief space of time at least, men and women really believed that the spectre of international battle was laid for ever. The world, they thought, had been made safe for democracy, and the future stretched ahead bright with promise of increasing welfare and happiness for society. The dream, alas, was of short duration, and the awakening, even before the political cataclysm broke, was into a reality of suffering and demoralization.

The courage demanded of the youth of the present is by the very measure of that first failure so much the greater. For they must persevere despite the knowledge that victory may be lost even in the winning, and they must build their new world under the shadow of imminent destruction. The thoughts of youth are traditionally long, long thoughts: now they must be directed to immediate action. It will require everything they have to give of enthusiasm and eagerness and determination. But they can give it in the knowledge that the will to international peace and good relations of each individual counts as never before in history. If the next years can be weathered, and society set on the road to enduring peace, then indeed will be ushered in an era in which once again it can be said:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

A. L.

OPPORTUNITY

THE District of Columbia Public Library recently conducted a campaign for the return of overdue books the results of which were as brilliant as the plan itself was simple: Bring them back—no questions asked, no fines imposed. More than ten thousand truant volumes were restored to the shelves; of these 2423 had been kept three weeks or longer. The record—let it be hoped no one will try to beat it—was held by two volumes which had been absent for twenty-six years.

On the strength of this signal achievement in book recovery, *The Washington Post* has been moved to suggest "a national amnesty for book borrowers." The idea is highly meritorious. The past five years, with their unparalleled uprootings and migrations, have undoubtedly witnessed the greatest hegira of books in our history, and it is inevitable that a lot of them came out of public libraries and have not got back there. America at this moment is certainly a nation of displaced books. Landlords in Flint, rooming-house keepers in San Diego, hotel managers in Houston—yes, first sergeants in Vienna and chief petty officers in Guam—can render the country's libraries a worthy service by ransacking cupboards, dressers, file cases, In baskets, closet shelves, and odd corners anywhere for these literary estrays and returning them to their home stations.

As for those who have long-overdue library books in their own possession, the eased consciences which would result from the suggested amnesty should produce a moral upsurge the like of which has not been known since Billy Sunday's sawdustiest days. All that would be involved would be a little wrapping paper, a little string, and a little postage. Or perhaps just a walk around the corner.

J. T. W.

Old Hurricane

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

THIS warm and weary wind
Is an old hurricane
Turned feeble on the long, long road
Which leads to Maine.

Some hours ago like a young lion
He clawed the coast
Of Florida; off the Carolinas,
Like a ghost

Seeking a vengeance, he appeared
And then shrieked on;
A surly guest at Cape Cod he arrived
And soon was gone;

The fishing fleet furled sails for him
Though tiring fast;
At Boston he made little stir
As he went past.

Portland was busy, scarcely noticed him;
And now this fellow
Comes sighing round the farmhouse door.
He's lost his bellow,

He's frail and patched with fog,
And tries to rouse
Our interest with his stormy tales;
Only the cows

Pretend to listen, as they half recline
With pensive eye,
Yet their expressions do not change at all
When he limps by.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bet It's a Girl

SIR: Sign of the times in South America—a baby born in western Venezuela has been named Era Atomica.

RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES.
Caracas, Venezuela

Where Is Boston?

SIR: I quote from page 23 of the May 25 *SRL*: "One of the great motion pictures of our times will be released in America soon, and has indeed already been showing at the Esquire Theatre in Boston." Where do you think that Boston is anyway?

On second thought, maybe you are not so far wrong after all. Perhaps Boston is not a part of America—at least not in mental outlook.

DAVID HAMBLEN.
Newton, Mass.

The Atom in Ancient Rome

SIR: Atomic talk is as old as the hills. Atoms were a subject of conversation in Rome back in the second century A. D. Marcus Aurelius made frequent mention of them in his pungent philosophizing.

"Think of the sum of time," Marcus Aurelius told his fellow Romans, "compared with the brief atom assigned to you; of destiny, and the jot you are of it."

"It comes to this—either a concourse of atoms, or an appointment of destiny." And if that sounds something like a fatalistic forecast of atomic bombs, consider this one: "Either they were received into the seminal principles of the universe; or were alike dispersed into atoms."

There is also a hint of the future use of atomic power in this warning: "If not atoms, then nature disposing all." And in the equally foreboding: "Thus the elements obey the law of things, and persistently retain their appointed place, until the signal for dissolution sounds their release."

Whatever credence was placed by his fellow Romans in the philosophies of atomic-minded Marcus Aurelius, it was another seventeen hundred years before they found a terrible confirmation at Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

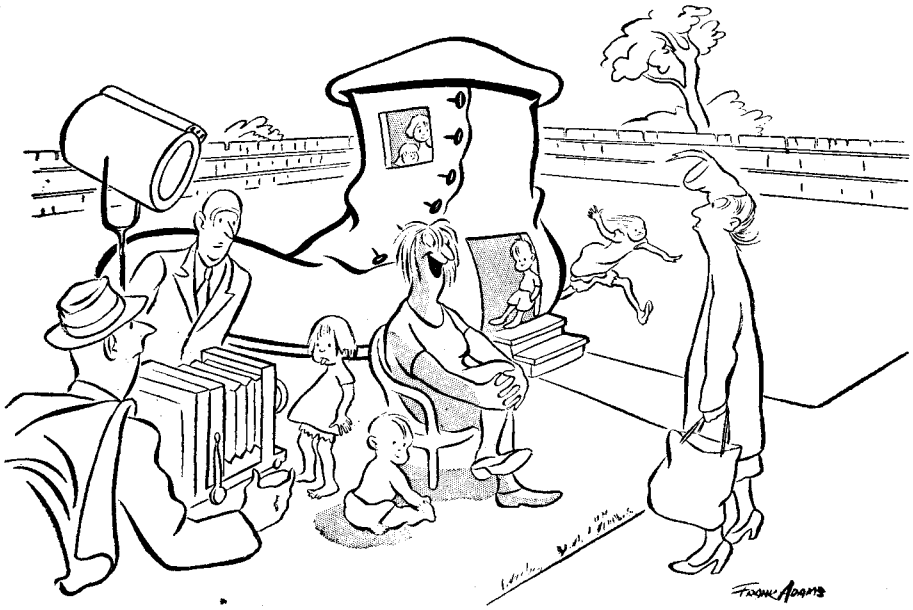
JASPER B. SINCLAIR.
San Francisco, Calif.

Trivia and Trivial

SIR: Several people who write for the *SRL* seem to be running away with the idea that *trivia* is a Latin plural word meaning minor matters, slight remarks. It is not so; the plural *trivia* means crossroads, street corners; a *trivium* is a street corner, a crossroad. The word has no other meaning. The English word *trivial* means, by etymology, "such as you might pick up at the cross-road," "such as you might talk about on the corner," but all the first and central part of that meaning was put into the word when the letter *l* was added to it, and never at all belonged to the word without the *l*.

If you regard *trivia* as an arbitrarily formed English word devoid of Latin basis, to which a smart man has punningly assigned a meaning which the Latin word of like spelling did not have, then that is a different point of view. But is that the point of view that is taken?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.



"Half jokingly I wrote to my Congressman and he, in turn, mentioned it to Ripley . . ."

Biography and Fiction

SIR: I read with great interest the article "Biography Now and Tomorrow" by J. C. Long in the *SRL* of May 18. I just wonder why biographies are not more popular. Is it because the publishers advertise them less than they do novels? Some of the latter are over-advertised. The more I see a novel advertised the less I want to read it.

Before my departure from Switzerland, I read an interesting book ("Joseph Vance," by De Morgan) which I thought was true. While travelling on board a steamer en route for New York, I mentioned this story to a lady at the dinner table, and expressed my views upon it, when to my dismay she assured me the book in question was purely fiction. I was greatly disappointed to hear this.

MARY E. KENNISH.
Douglaston, L. I.

Women of "Average Success"

SIR: In connection with a book on which I am now at work, I should be grateful to you and your readers for any true stories of women of forty or more who began working at that age.

My book is designed to give information to the thousands of older women who need to continue working and who are likely to be displaced by returning employees (veterans or young girls), or whose war jobs no longer exist. There will also be other thousands of older women forced to go to work, many for the first time, because of war casualties in their own families. To give them an idea of fields which normally might not occur to them, I should like to cite as many "average success" stories as possible of women who entered one type of occupation or another, with no previous work experience, at forty or older.

I should be happy if your readers could put me in touch with such persons.

JULIETTA K. ARTHUR.
610 West 113 St.,
New York 25, N. Y.

Look Out!

SIR: For years I have been conducting a one man crusade for a "Do Not Misuse the Word 'Look' Week." I entertain thoughts of mayhem every time I find a novelist's hero saying to the fair heroine, "Look, I want you for my wife." I fairly scream when the movie strong man whispers to Ginger Rogers, "Look, I think you are the most stunning thing in the world." And when the alleged radio comedian starts off with, "Look, the most amusing thing happened to me this evening on the way to the studio," I find it hard to refrain from wrecking the instrument.

Look, will you see if your readers can do something about this?

NEIL MCCARTHY.
Chicago, Ill.

The Lunar Rainbow

SIR: With reference to the lunar rainbow discussion in your columns, I fully expected to see at least one letter mentioning this as a common occurrence over the Victoria Falls in Southern Rhodesia.

The falls are so situated that at the period of the full moon the lunar rainbow is visible. It curves in a lovely soft shimmering arc, and is so close you want to reach out and touch it. The night I saw it, one end was below the crest of the rocky bank where it dissolved in the plunging water. Another person and myself thought just the faintest colors of the spec-

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trum could be discerned, due to either good eyesight or imagination.

This same South African went on to say the lunar rainbow was to him as spectacular and beautiful as the night when as a child he was awakened in the early morning hours and held up to see Halley's comet coursing through the sky. I recalled having seen that beautiful sight, but that it was early evening. Further conversation disclosed the time lapse between the two countries accounted for the "discrepancy."

I wish some poet would describe the lunar rainbow as I saw it that night. The next night it was not so distinct, as the moon was on the wane.

DOROTHY W. MCEACHREN.

Chicago, Ill.

"White Supremacy"

SIR: With deep respect and affection for the Negro people, I shudder at this new "stereotype" phobia which has been introduced by some well-meaning authority to help the races understand one another; when applied like a blanket to all Negro comedy, it becomes an aggravation instead.

Mr. William H. Tymous's letter, published in your April 27 issue, calls the use of inferior Negro types in radio drama a "disguised fostering of racial hatred." Although I sympathize with his and other intelligent peoples' objections to the silly exaggeration of a hackneyed comedy type, I do not believe this ancient form of entertainment is deliberate, or disguised, fostering of racial hatred. I think it's just plain dumbness, and lack of creative imagination.

If Mr. Tymous had referred to Stepin Fetchit, he would have pointed to a real misrepresentation of the Negro, as a shiftless, foggy-headed, doglike being who happens to be amusing. Perhaps some of the soap opera characters he mentions are of this same type. I just don't listen to soap opera.

But I do know Rochester, and I can't for the life of me see anything in this little man to arouse racial hatred. Rochester IS a Negro. He is a Negro quite familiar to all of us. But he does not seem to me either "servile" or "inferior." Whenever I have heard Rochester, or seen him in a film, he has had just one job, and that far from servile: His job is to make a monkey out of the stereotype known as Jack Benny.

White people, all people, ridicule and satirize one another. Negroes do this, too. "Run Little Chillun" was a beautiful piece of Negro satire that probably helped their own people to see some of the foibles that delayed the development of less gifted Negroes. "Black Boy" gave them a key to the way out of this dungeon.

To suppose that Jeeter Lester would be the only white stereotype, if the same comedy treatment were dealt to the white race as to the Negro, is to exaggerate the problem. It is the use of this particular name that crystallizes for me the aggravation, and the menace, in this "stereotype" theory. Let me name a few white stereotypes familiar to all of us:

Senator Claghorn, the Southerner.
Jack Benny, the hall-room boy.
Li'l Abner, the hillbilly.
Diet Smith, the belching millionaire with ulcers and telephones, Bathless Groggins, B. O. Plenty, and Gravel Gertie, the antitheses of all that the glamor advertisements idealize.
Dick Tracy, the dumb detective.
Dagwood Bumpstead, the middle-class dope.
Sheriff Finn, the dumb Irish braggart, unwitting tool of the underworld.
Moon Mullins, the pool-hall moron.
Cranberry Boggs, the gullible Yankee fisherman's boy.
Mister O'Malley, the bombastic and gluttonous fairy godfather.
Casper Milquetoast, the moral coward.
Mr. and Mrs., the bored and trivial average couple.
And all those drab, pretentious Upper Class characters depicted in *The New Yorker.*

Compared with these, the worst Negro caricature I've ever seen was a colorful, charming, self-confident clown.

Let's not worry one another about stereotypes, please, Mr. Tymous! Let's go on laughing, while we trip our opponents on their own red herrings. We will not win the contest for human dignity by refusing to laugh at ourselves and our neighbors. We will win our enemies when we win their hearts. This we cannot do by nagging over questionable motives. We can do it by writing more books like "Black Boy" and "George Washington Carver," by singing and acting like Paul Robeson, and by living like that fine little Negro woman who is the American Mother of 1946.

HARRIET C. BURDSAL.

Bellaire, Texas

In Justice to Mr. Durant

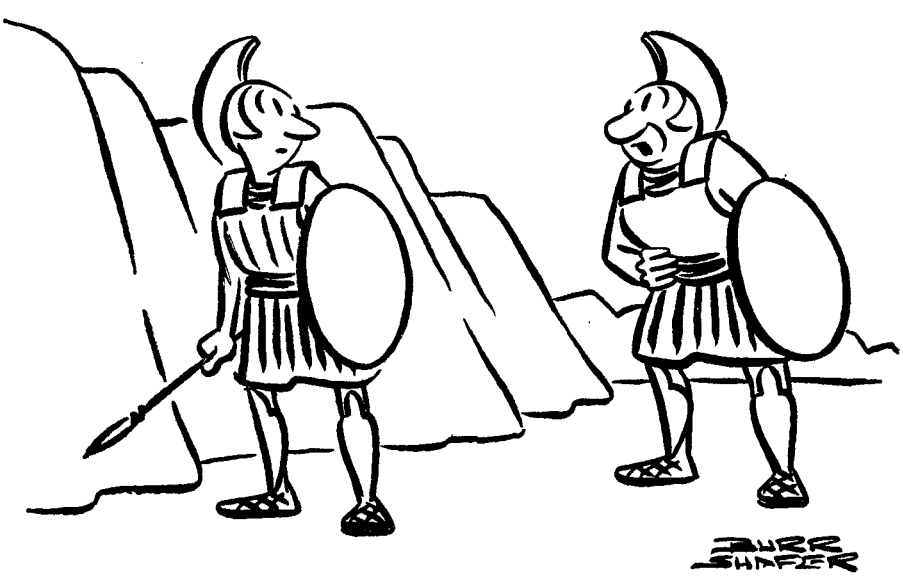
SIR: It has come to my attention that in *The Saturday Review*, for April 27, Earl Brown, in reviewing "Detroit Is My Own Home Town," by Malcolm W. Bingay, has referred to my good friend, William C. Durant as "the *late* William Crapo Durant."

It is unfortunate that such a statement should be made concerning Mr. Durant, for he is far from being "late." He has been confined to his New York residence for a considerable period, but according to Mrs. Durant, with whom I have had a telephone conversation recently, he is sufficiently improved in health so as to get about much more, and as soon as the weather is more suitable she hopes he will be able to go out-of-doors to enjoy the sunshine.

I talked with Mr. Durant's secretary last week about some other matters and mentioned this inaccuracy regarding Mr. Durant, which he said was the first time he had learned of it, although they had a copy of Mr. Bingay's publication. He will review the book to see if this reference appeared therein also.

FREDERICK H. ELLIOTT.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm afraid I'm winded, Pheidippides—you'll have to run on by yourself and tell them about Marathon."

Concerning Charles Herbert Moore

SIR: I am writing on the painting career of Charles Herbert Moore, who before he joined the Harvard Faculty in 1872 was a successful landscapist. I request all owners of his pictures who have not already communicated with me to write me and permit me to see such pictures.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Washington Crossing, Pa.

Another Man's Poison

SIR: Once, authors held their readers spellbound,
With lusty tales of God-fearing humanity.
Today, authors hold their readers Hell-bound,
With tales of lust, told with vile profanity.

THOMAS L. UNDERWOOD.

Washington, D. C.

Reviewords

SIR: Wouldn't it be just as easible
To do without "feasible"?

JEAN SCHEIDENHELM.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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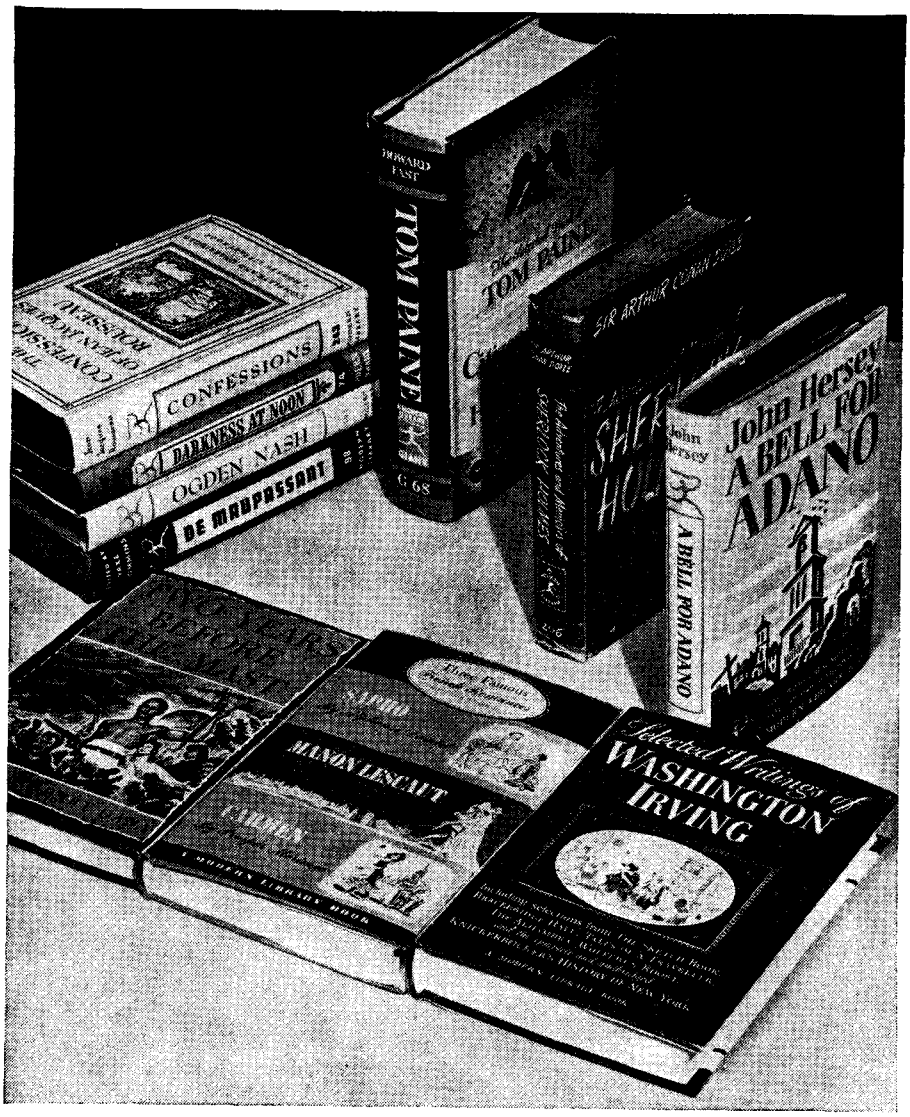

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What Will Become of Orvil Pym?

IN YOUTH IS PLEASURE. By Denton Welch. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1946. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

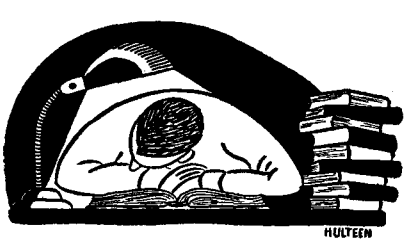
THERE is a passage somewhere in Keats's letters which I have not been able to verify, but which runs about as follows: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but between the two there is a period when all is muddy, uncertain, and sick." Orvil Pym, the hero of this book, is introduced in the first sentence as "a young boy of fifteen." The phrase carries an inappropriate suggestion of innumerable limericks, thanks to the redundant adjective, which places an accent on youth that is highly characteristic. But young as he is, Orvil (and his creator) would be the first to claim that he is highly precocious; certainly his fancies are muddy, uncertain, and sick; and the book is little else than his fancies. It parallels fairly closely the autobiographical "Maiden Voyage" with which Mr. Welch (who is himself still a very young man) made a considerable impression last year. "Maiden Voyage" described how Mr. Welch ran away from school, was made to go back and finish out the term, and then was sent traveling.

"In Youth Is Pleasure" tells how Orvil Pym is enjoying an unexpected holiday to recuperate from a slight illness; he spends his holiday staying with his father in a luxurious country hotel, and wandering about alone. Orvil is an extreme solitary; his mother is dead, which in such a book is sometimes used as a way of accounting for any abnormality; but since the recollection of "his fascinating sunburned mother" on which he dwells with most pleasure is of the time when she spanked him with the bristly side of an ivory hairbrush, it is hard to think that he would have been much helped if she had lived. He is almost a stranger to his wealthy, preoccupied father; and it may be fairly said that he dislikes his two older brothers, envying and disliking the social poise of one, attracted and repelled by the hearty masculinity of the other. So he strolls and explores alone, enjoying his precocious interest in interior decoration, indulging and half acting out his constant daydreams, to most of which the reader can fit names from Krafft-Ebing.

It is hard to see what will become of him; just as Dorian Gray, whom he somewhat resembles, became so corrupt that, when in horror at the degeneration of his picture he tried to cultivate virtue, he only gave a hypocritical twist to the picture's mouth, so Orvil is so lost in his muddy and uncertain midregion that the interests which in another adolescent would be healthy—in exercising, in the vigorous cockney campers in their shorts—lead him back into the sickroom of his own mind.

It is hard to tell what will become of him; it is also hard to care. This is not, heaven knows, because a soul-sick schoolboy is not worth saving, but because Orvil, brilliantly as he is presented on one side, never quite convinces one that he is alive. At least two things are lacking. One is any physical expression of his turbid emotions. It is true that Orvil had feared that he would lose his good looks, and had prayed, "O God, never let my voice break, or a beard grow on my face"; but, we are told, "God had not heard, and both things had begun to happen," and Orvil has begun to shave. But the nearest he comes to finding any physical self-indulgence of any kind is to stand before a mirror and flog himself with a heavy strap. Surely, here Orvil is not quite flesh and blood. The other lack is any sense of guilt, or even any of the religiosity which should go with such a temperament. Without those, one cannot feel for Orvil, because one cannot really believe in him.

Mr. Welch's vein of material is a rare and difficult one, and one which hitherto in his very young career he has worked like a master. He is one of the contributors to Mr. Cyril Connolly's review *Horizon*, a group which is emerging as the most interesting in England today. "Maiden Voyage," the autobiographical study to which we have referred, is, like Mr. Connolly's "Enemies of Promise," a human document of great interest and considerable value. The volume called "*Horizon* Stories," an anthology of contributions to that magazine, contains a really fine story by Mr. Welch, "When I Was Thirteen," a story of the skiing holiday of an older and a younger boy, where, with the most delicate suggestion, we are shown how the physical intimacy of the holiday trembles on the verge of the morbid—or perhaps better is the raw material from which the morbid can arise—and yet would have remained perfectly clean and healthy if the situation had not been precipitated by suspicion. In such delicate distinctions, in such labyrinthine regions of the human soul, candid and skilful writers like Mr. Welch have much to teach us. But he is wasting his talents with Orvil Pym, an artificial creation from which all the strongest human elements, physical and spiritual, have been deliberately left out. Mr. Welch is Orvil Pym's creator; let him not yield to Orvil's prayer that his voice may not change and that he may remain eternally in the sick and muddy region between boy and man.



Paradise Lost

THE LITTLE PRESIDENT. By Don Calhoun. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 30 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THE creator of this book was an ensign in the United States Navy who quite evidently was fed up with politicians and warriors alike. The blurb on the jacket informs the reader that "after seeing smashed villages, suicide planes, burning ships, dead and wounded men, (the author decided that the world was being run in a stupid, messy fashion and that his little boy, Michael, could probably run it in a more sensible way.)" Michael (five years old) was not a politician or a self-appraised statesman or a warrior; hence Michael was ready to run the government along sensible, practical lines. If you want war, said Michael one day, OK, "but don't shoot anybody."

The idea was revolutionary. Ten colleges gave him honorary degrees. All went well until one day he discovered the meaning of the concept Power and with that discovery he lost his simple, sensible approach and quit the White House in defeat.

Well, there's the story. Michael will revel in the delightful drawings as he grows up, but grown-ups will ask, "Save for Michael, why the book?" It may be a left-handed treatise on Truman and his penchant for outdoing Nicholas Murray Butler in honorary degrees, or on Truman's treatment of domestic and international problems, or maybe I'm unduly suspicious and it has nothing to do with realities at all, but I'm still in a daze. For exactly what age was the book written, and why?

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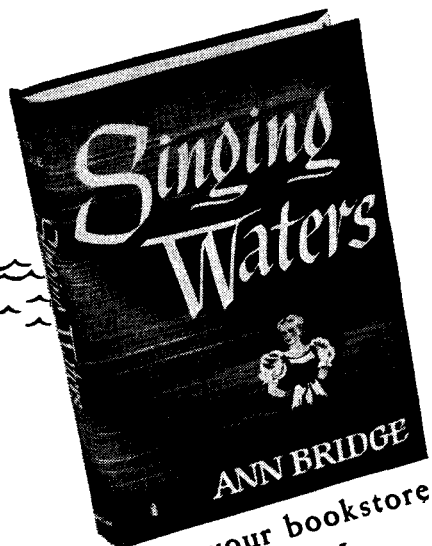
Where can a woman like Gloire Thurston find happiness?

ANN BRIDGE'S *Singing Waters*



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MACMILLAN

by the author of
ILLYRIAN SPRING
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SINGING WATERS is the story of a beautiful, rich, spoiled young American woman, who is restlessly seeking a new meaning in life, and who finds it after physical and spiritual adventures amid the grandeur and beauty of the Albanian mountains.

JULY LITERARY GUILD SELECTION

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TRADE Winds

IN THE APRIL 27 issue of the *SRL* I ran on this page a questionnaire designed to discover how many readers noticed the imprint of publishers on the books they read. The twenty current best-sellers in the country were chosen for the experiment; obviously they were the books most extensively advertised, and I think it fair to surmise that a reader who couldn't remember the sponsors of these titles would certainly never recall the imprint on more obscure ones.

The first 362 replies to this questionnaire were tabulated carefully, and the results have been lying on my desk for over two weeks. It does not require the services of a Freudian scholar to understand my reluctance to print the statistics. What they will do to the egos of a few publishers I know—and their advertising counsels—is horrible to conjecture. Even I, who stated unequivocally in my April 27 column that "the public is interested solely in what's *in* a book or motion picture, not who put it there," am taken aback by the following figures.

Of the 362 readers who reported, 189 did not know the name of a single publisher of the twenty most popular books of the day. Forty-eight knew only one (in 19 cases of the 48 it was the publisher of "Forever Amber," and the reasons given by several of the 19 were anything but complimentary to said publisher). Twenty-one knew two, 13 three, 10 four, 4 five, 5 six, 6 seven, 1 eight, 5 nine, 2 ten, 2 eleven, 7 twelve, 3 thirteen, 6 fourteen, 1 fifteen, 6 sixteen, 5 seventeen, 5 eighteen, 7 nineteen, and 13 twenty. Bear in mind that the readers of the *SRL* are far, far more knowing about bookish matters than the average American. If the participants in this contest, many of whom volunteered the information that they were librarians, booksellers, or associates in publishing houses, could average only one name out of five correctly, figure for yourself how the general public would fare in a similar test! It is worth noting that even the *SRL* result of twenty per cent is weighted heavily by the thirty who knew seventeen or more of the twenty publishers involved. Eliminate them and the average of readers of this specialized journal is just over ten per cent!

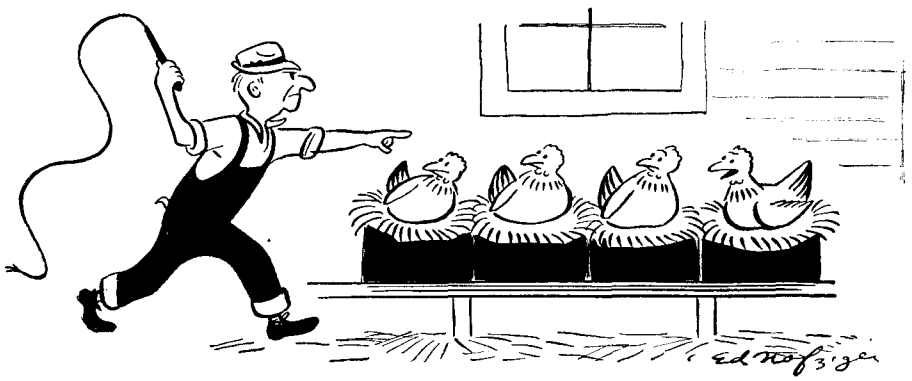
I know you will enjoy some of the more acidulous comments I have singled out for reproduction on these pages. Indignation that anyone should dream they might care a continental about who published a book was, I should say, the predominant reaction of the contestants. Several took time out to criticize the blatant advertisements of some houses, the careless manufacturing practices of others. The Holt advertisements in the *SRL* were praised specifically by seven readers, the Simon and Schuster ads by three, Doubleday's "Paul" columns by two. Five readers each had kind words to say about the format of books produced by Knopf and Random House; three did the same for Viking. Seven people who read the *SRL* carefully enough to answer a questionnaire of this sort still believe, it appears, that the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild are original publishers, since these names were filled in on the blanks. One lone contestant in Middletown, Ohio, believes that "this poll will awaken you publishers to the fact that readers *do* notice your names on a book, and may make you a little more careful in the future." Such optimism deserves a better fate.

Everett Dwight writes: "As an army librarian in occupied Germany I was blissfully isolated from the current best-sellers, and never even heard of some of the books on your list, let alone knowing who published them. Why don't you make another list of famous titles (such as 'Robinson Crusoe') and see how many people can name the poor authors?" Mrs. John Coso admits, "I never notice the publisher's name, and I am too old to begin. This fills me with chagrin because my cousin was Thomas Beer; my son-in-law, Desmond Flower, is a member of Cassell and Company in London, and my younger daughter is married to a son of Margaret Ayer Barnes."

Prof. B. I. Kinne of Columbia notes, "It has never occurred to me that publishers actually thought anyone ever bought a book because a certain house published it. My Gawd!" Philip Dunaway, of Silver Spring, Maryland, says, "It is not important to know who publishes all the best sellers, but readers should make it their business to remember the sponsors of the really important books of the day. In this period of mediocre and misleading reviews, a publisher's imprint has come to be one of the best means of determining whether or not to buy a book. I should never have bought and enjoyed 'The City of Trembling Leaves' had it not borne the colophon of the publisher of Proust, Havelock Ellis, and Auden. Mr. Knopf's Borzoi has come to mean a guarantee of adherence to certain literary and book-production standards. Finally, it seems to me that Holt's superb ads in the *SRL* demonstrate a way in which to make sure the public will buy—and remember."

Eldridge Hart, of Winter Park, Florida, also praises the Holt book-chats, but adds, "O course, if everybody printed this type of ad I probably would be right back in the position of not being able to distinguish one publisher from another. I admire Simon and Schuster too for somehow managing to make 'news' of their ventures." Leo Rosencrans, in Cleveland, has this to say: "Not only have I never bought a book on the strength of a publisher's name; I do not remember having bought many, if any, on the strength of the advertisements of them. I enjoy the Holt ads in *SRL* and those columns of 'Paul's' almost as much as Trade Winds and Seeing Things—but I must admit I never bought a book on the strength of either." (Ah, woeful day!)

Earl Del Modin, of Seattle, is one of the most plausible of my correspondents. "My score is zero," he reports. "I was a librarian at Pearl Harbor, and in all the time I worked with the boys in the Navy I never heard one ask for the name of the publisher. What *they* wanted to know



"He must be new at this game."

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was: is it sexy, and how many people get murdered?" John Valentine, of Chicago's Abraham Lincoln Bookshop, admits: "I only know that Macmillan's published 'Forever Amber,' the reason being that I attended a cocktail party they gave for the author." Olive Lewis, of Bloomington, Ind., was another whose only correct answer was "Macmillan" for "Forever Amber." "You may be amused at the reason," she writes. "At the time 'Amber' was announced, I was librarian at St. Xavier College, Chicago, home of Sister Mary Celeste Leger, author of an American history text that is one of the best-selling items on Macmillan's Catholic list. She was extremely upset, and the first time she could collar a Macmillan representative, she expressed herself quite forcibly. 'But listen, Sister,' said the representative. 'Our Chicago office is out of stock of only two books at the present moment. One of them is 'Forever Amber.' The other is yours!"

Mrs. Robert Service, of Claremont, California, admits: "Although formerly a book reviewer, and an avid reader for sixty of my sixty-six years, I can't recall a single publisher on your list. I can only guess that Little, Brown did 'The Egg and I' because some of it appeared in the Atlantic." All we can give Mrs. Service is our thanks and an A for effort. Ena Morston, of the English Department of Washington State, notes: "My students not only do not know the names of publishers, but most of them must struggle to learn the names of the authors of the books they read for class. One of them didn't even know my name at the end of the first six weeks of the semester. Heavens! He may not yet! I've just met a class of twenty. Not one knew the publisher of the text they have used daily since the first of February."

Arthur Meyer, of Brooklyn, has a constructive suggestion. "Stop reaching for the moon," he advises. "Let the publishers team up and go in for some institutional advertising." Blake Cox, of Minneapolis, "takes into account the binding, typography, and paper of a book (when he isn't seeking a definite title) rather than the name of the publisher." "Considering the selling price of most books," he points out, "there is no reason why the quality of the package cannot match the quality of the content. Real book lovers like to buy books that are a physical contribution to their libraries." W. Tupper, of El Segundo, Calif., confides, "So help me, I don't know one of your publishers. But don't beef about it. Yesterday a Beverly Hills bank teller

assured me: 'That guy over there thinks he's President Howard E. Truman.' "

In my first column on this subject, I made specific reference to an institutional campaign undertaken at one time by Mr. Knopf. Wood Kahler has written me a letter on this subject so entertaining that I reprint it in full:

Dear Bennett:

In today's Trade Winds I read with great interest what you had to say about the advertising of imprints, and it occurred to me that you might like to hear the true story behind the Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte ad. Back in 1928 when the Knopfs brought out my first novel, they also offered me a job, and in the course of time under my supervision a series of full-page ads were run in *The New Yorker*. The Mrs. Bonaparte ad, which you mentioned, was the second in the series. For the first, I accompanied the late George Gershwin to a photographer. I remember George's insisting that he be snapped from the left, declaring it was his handsome side. George's brother, Ira, wrote the endorsement which George duly signed: "I am never bored by a Borzoi Book." A few days after the ad appeared, S. K. Knopf (Alfred's father) remarked, "There's disloyalty in the outer office! They're saying George Gershwin is never bored by a Borzoi Book because he never reads one." S. K.'s pointed comment forced me to conclude that the Gershwin testimonial was not a howling success, and so I decided to try again.

Recalling the fact that many women of social prominence had endorsed cigarettes and other products, seemingly with good results, I asked my friend Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte if she would be so kind as to hold a book and have her picture taken. She consented to do so; and signed her name to the statement: "I am an enthusiastic admirer of Borzoi Books." Since Mrs. Bonaparte had given me her endorsement merely

"From where I sit"

SOME friend of mine said I was cheating when I wrote a column on Dear Theo which just used quotes from Dear Theo. I suppose he thought this column should be some sort of sideshow with me standing on my head while I think up some new twist that is different from the average run of ad copy. But let me tell you it isn't easy to let an author speak for himself in the short space allowed From Where I Sit.

With **Horned Pigeon,** for example, in choosing the examples that follow, I know I am doing both the author, GEORGE MILLAR and the reader, you, a great injustice, for what I quote is only a bare picture of the perception that appears in the book. And unless you are one of those people who just reads the reviews, you had better supplement this meagre column by reading **Horned Pigeon.**

Shortage — the prunes had to be counted, and lots drawn to decide which officer out of the three would have six prunes instead of five.

Picture of an Anglican monk—His voice was like filtered, iced water running into a deep basin of purest silver.

Description of "gathering" motion—The train pulled out of the great station and raced through the town until I could hear by the reflected noises of our passage that we had flung Paris behind us.

A proud Frenchwoman—Then I knew that she was a great woman. Her home, her civilization, her family, her love and admiration for France had all toppled. But she could still make the big gesture to a hungry and unexpected guest. She was making *real* coffee.

Little French graveyard—It was November 30, and there was a sharp nip in the air. The first passengers to arrive and crowd in beside us wore ski-ing clothes and left their black skis in the corridor. Those who followed wore Sunday best and carried flowers to lay in the little graveyards in the mountain villages. Some carried fresh flowers and those degenerate waxen posies covered over with glass cases.

The loss of his wife—He felt like an oyster, torn from its shell and wobbling ludicruously there in front of the table.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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STAGE

"GREAT STUFF!"—Kronenberger, PM
Kern & Hammerstein's
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Cl. 5-5200
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

"A SMASH HIT!"—Life Magazine
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY presents BROCK PEMBERTON
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
Directed by Antoinette Perry
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8.40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Stone
Air-Cond. 46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A TUNEFUL HIT!"—Coleman, Mirror
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41st Street W. of B'way – Mats. Wed. & Sat.

as a friendly gesture for which she received no remuneration, I was very much distressed, shortly after the appearance of this second ad, to observe New York columnists were questioning the sincerity of Mrs. Bonaparte's enthusiasm for literature. Presently a super-sensitive lawyer, on behalf of Mrs. Bonaparte, brought suit against Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. The Knopfs were held accountable, among other things, for Mrs. Bonaparte's having been called a bookworm. Of course, as soon as I explained to her that the over-zealous lawyer had put me in an awkward light she very graciously called him off.

You might suppose that I would have been discouraged by now. But not at all! And I must admit that the patience displayed by the Knopfs still remains a mystery to me. For my third experiment in advertising the Borzoi imprint I got hold of a beautiful young model from a fashionable dress shop and had her photographed sauntering out of Pierre's restaurant—at that time on Park Avenue in the forties. The model, like many another beauty, came from Flatbush (as I discovered when she stopped to chat with the cop on the corner, who happened to be a neighbor of hers in Brooklyn), but for the purpose of my experiment I transformed her into a Russian princess of royal blood named Marianna. The testimony of the princess, which I wrote for her in the E. M. Forster tradition of comic-seriousness, read as follows: "Mindful of the inherent responsibility of royalty in shaping the ideals of the bourgeoisie, I am careful never to be seen in public without a Borzoi Book." To give the matter at least a modicum of authenticity, I had the model write "Marianna" on a piece of paper, and this signature was scrupulously reproduced. I assume full responsibility for the phony aspect of this ad; during its concoction the Knopfs were away on a good-will business trip. Immediately following the appearance of Princess Marianna in *The New Yorker*, the Borzoi book-business boomed. Naturally I was inclined to attribute increased sales to my dream princess rather than to the good-will trip of the Knopfs. In any case by the time Alfred Knopf got back to the office an ominous stack of letters from all over the United States was piled high on his desk. The gist of these letters could be summed up as follows: "This is America. And we don't want no royalty telling us what books to read."

Needless to say the third advertisement was the last in the series.

Sincerely yours,

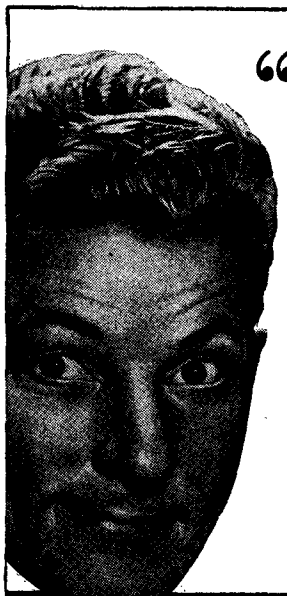
WOOD KAHLER.

P. S. I might add that I am now no longer published by the Knopfs. My new novel, "Portrait in Laughter," is being brought out this fall by E. P. Dutton.

And that's that. If any publisher or member of the Publishers' Ad Club would like to comment on the results of this questionnaire, Trade Winds is open to him.

BENNETT CERF.

SCREEN



Samuel Goldwyn presents
DANNY KAYE in
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN
IN TECHNICOLOR
with VIRGINIA MAYO • VERA-ELLEN
THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released thru RKO PICTURES, Inc.
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Extra MIDNITE Show Every Night
ASTOR
B'way at 45th

STAGE

"I Am Going To See It Again."
—EUGENE O'NEILL
The THEATRE GUILD presents
LAURENCE OLIVIER
in William Shakespeare's
"HENRY V"
IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists
PRICES: Evns. (at 8:30) $2.40, $1.80. Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20
ALL SEATS RESERVED
NOW! N. Y. CITY CENTER 131 West 55th St.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY • Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON Theater, 44th Street, East of B'way.

LAST WEEKS!
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
with JOAN TETZEL — RICHARD BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Mat. Thurs. & Sat.

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Mr. Bentley Slings an Axe

THE PLAYWRIGHT AS THINKER. By Eric Bentley. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 382 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

GOOD books of dramatic criticism are rare; in the past fifty years scarcely half a dozen writers of world caliber have dared frame an esthetic for the stage. One thinks of Hebbel, Brunetière, and of course Shaw—then the names suddenly become sparse and of second magnitude. Huneker deserves mention for his pioneer essays on Ibsen, Strindberg, and Gerhardt Hauptmann, dramatists new and strange to American audiences when "Iconoclasts" appeared in 1905. The earlier George Jean Nathan occasionally rose above the level of Rialto chitchat to damn a pretentious phony or welcome promising new talent. Particularly in recent years—unless one wished to hunt among the pages of the *Partisan* and *Kenyon Reviews* for fugitive studies—the springs of dramatic criticism have been notoriously scant and muddy.

As of today, however, things are definitely looking up. In "The Playwright as Thinker" Eric Bentley ushers in a new era of dramatic criticism by producing a work of bold originality and unimpeachable excellence. The tremendous bulk of information contained in this book is made relishable by the fresh mustard of Eric Bentley's writing; his scholarship is vast but he rides it handily. And his critical *aperçus,* though fashioned at the traditional academic forge, have a piercing edge and a furled energy that send them quivering deeply into the vitals of his material.

Mr. Bentley starts off with a vigorous and punitive attack on Broadway's trashmongers. Here he is the whipmaster, savage in his intent to hurt and shrewdly effective in his cuts at such contemporaries as Messrs. Hammerstein, Behrman, and O'Neill. The latter is yanked off the exalted bench on which for twenty years he has dozed in the company of Sophocles, and is ticketed as "promising" by Mr. Bentley. A truer classification was never made. The critic then proceeds to squeeze a great deal of fat, water, and fromaginous whey out of Clifford Odets, Maxwell Anderson, William Saroyan, and the strangely electric Thornton Wilder. All this is healthy, good, and much overdue—a nice leeching of the dropsical wamblers that have trod our native boards too long.

John Mason Brown is in London for SRL. Seeing Things will be omitted until he returns.

"Eric Bentley ushers in a new era of dramatic criticism."

The next section of the work is a discussion, conducted on the highest esthetic level, of Naturalism and Antinaturalism, opposing forces that have provided (according to Mr. Bentley) the dynamic of every important play since Zola's "Thérèse Racquin." What Jacques Barzun did for the term "Romantic" in his brilliant "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," Mr. Bentley now does for the term "Naturalism" as applied to the stage. His argument, tightly spun on a rapidly-moving bobbin, produces a complex, seemingly blurred design; all but the most disciplined reader will tire or become confused in the effort to follow the many strands of allusion and theory that Mr. Bentley weaves into his fabric. But at last a pattern of great clarity emerges; we discover the author's position to be that *two* equally legitimate courses are open to the Dramatist as Thinker. One is the Existential Theatre of Jean-Paul Sartre; the other, the Epic Theatre of Bertold Brecht. And by a daring synthesis Mr. Bentley suggests that though these playwrights differ in their conceptions, atmosphere, and methods, their ideas are ultimately not incompatible. Personally, this reviewer feels no necessity of reconciling the two schools.

It is in the final section of his book "Broadway — and the Alternative" that Mr. Bentley is not wholly convincing. Having demolished Broadway and Hollywood as sources of creative drama, he asks a natural question: "How are good plays to be produced and who is to produce them?" Mere popular entertainment is ruled out. "Today it is almost inconceivable that any drama could satisfy the canons of exacting criticism and also be popular." Where then shall we turn? "To the campus," replies Mr. Bentley. Here, for all his awareness of the special pitfalls and hazards that surround the college theatre, Mr. Bentley seems a trifle yeasty and juvenile in his enthusiasm. His judgment of, and experience in, campus theatres unquestionably sing higher than mine, but after many years of fondly waiting for campus curtains to go up on something, *anything* of significance, this reviewer is slightly disillusioned and skeptical.

For me, the best chapters in "The Dramatist as Thinker" are in the middle of the book, where Mr. Bentley illuminates, with the full power of his critical faculties, the plays of Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, and Pirandello. His résumés of their principal works are valuable refreshment, his comments new and exciting. Though these chapters fit beautifully into his larger thesis, they can be read separately, and may well serve as germinal sources of inspiration to young American dramatists about to carve their first puppets.

Reflection

By Clayton Hamilton

NARCISSUS, at the age of eighty, peered
Into a pool. He saw what William Blake
And Michelangelo toiled all their lives
To see at last,—the very face of God.
"Oh no, not that!" Narcissus cried, "Not that! . . .
I asked not for the Kingdom, for the Power,
Nor for the Glory. Take that face away! . . .
But grant me only the great privilege
Of gazing once more into a deep pool
And seeing there the face I used to see
When I was young."

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No Summer for Hammock Reading

The hammock reading season opens, but this summer of preparation for peacemaking brings books more suited to the armchair. It is a season of tough-minded exploratory thinking, of heightened sensitivity to new voices. There are 20 such books on Houghton Mifflin Company's list.

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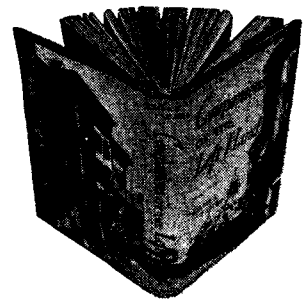

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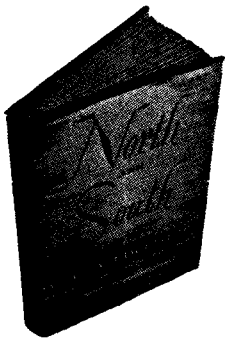

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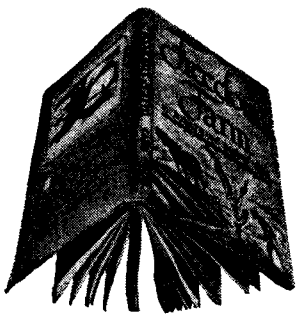

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The Case For Telepathy

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE. By Whately Carington. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1946. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. B. RHINE

ANY book on telepathy by a scientist is important today. And if such a book is at all readable, a fairly wide and thoughtful reading should be anticipated for it.

Telepathy first won serious public attention about seventy-five years ago. The rising tide of nineteenth-century materialism was then sweeping away certain old doctrines and leaving uncertainties in their place. The intellectual devastation thus created caused men to look about for evidence of something beyond physics in human personality. Instances of spontaneous thought-transference had been reported throughout the ages, but had gone unnoticed by scholars. The clash of mechanistic science with the spiritual conception of man now made such phenomena significant; for it appeared that such transference of thought occurred without physical intermediation. If so, there was a spiritual, or extraphysical, order of reality in human life.

The first step was to subject the claims of telepathy to experimental test. The Society for Physical Research was founded in London in 1882 primarily to carry out such experimental studies, and during the sixty-four years that have followed, it has been a major influence in sponsoring such work as has been done, and in getting research on telepathy introduced into university laboratories of psychology. As a consequence, an extensive amount of experimentation has gone on in Europe and America, piling up conclusive evidence of "extra-sensory perception," or "ESP," as telepathy and its allied abilities are now generally called.

Carington has long been one of the more active experimental workers of the London Society, and for many years has served on its council. Before becoming a "physical researcher," or parapsychologist, Carington was known best by his more orthodox psychological work, "The Measurement of Emotions." In recent years he has held a research studentship (fellowship) in parapsychology at Cambridge University. (Whately Carington is not to be confused with the American author of books on physical research, Hereward Carrington.)

Carington's book is, first of all, quite readable. It is clear, non-technical, and well organized. It is written in the first person with many asides and lively turns of thought that help to dispel dullness. It is almost conversational in tone.

The book deals with three main questions: How much evidence is there in favor of telepathy? How does telepathy operate? What are its implications? These questions set the topics for the three main sections of the book.

The section on evidence is impressive enough to satisfy the open-minded reader that ESP really occurs. Carington reviews researches done with both of the two most common test procedures—the card-calling tests and the reproduction of drawings. He cites tests conducted both with and without a sender looking at the object to be identified extrasensorially. Earlier experiments at Stanford and Harvard are mentioned briefly, while the more striking findings of Brugmanns at the University of Groningen and those of Estabrooks at Harvard are described in more detail, as are also the tests conducted by Miss Jepson in England.

Carington dates the modern phase of ESP work as beginning with the publication of my book, "Extra-Sensory Perception," in 1934. After a summary of the earlier work at Duke, he devotes most of his space to the English experiments carried out by Tyrrell, Hettinger, Soal and Goldney, and himself. On the whole a strong case is made, but it may be of interest to American readers to know that even a stronger case could be made for ESP on the strength of the American work omitted. There are easily a half-dozen American parapsychologists who have contributed more evidence of ESP than Carington himself, but whose names do not even appear in Carington's index or bibliography. Therefore his presentation of the facts is very much an *under*statement as far as ESP in the United States is concerned.

Carington's "theory" of telepathy is at least not difficult to understand. Mind-stuff, analagous to matter of the physical world, is composed of ideas or "psychons." But the time and space relations of physics do not hold for mind. Their counterparts, if there are any, remain to be discovered. The spatial separation of individuals so apparent in the physical aspect of personality is meaningless with regard to the world of mind. In the proper psychological setting, one individual may share the mental processes of another without involving the problem of overcoming distance. Carington assumes the laws of association to be primary for the organization of the mind, not only in the familiar processes of everyday life, but for the more unusual transfer of mind to mind involved in telepathy.

Students of psychology reading Carington's book will be surprised at his going back to associationism, a now somewhat outmoded school of psychology, for his basic formulation. Students of parapsychology will marvel still more at his attempting to propose a "theory" of telepathy without being concerned to explain other phenomena intimately related and even better substantiated. One of these is the extrasensory perception of objects, commonly called "clairvoyance." And the greatest number of ESP tests conducted have been pure clairvoyance tests.

The interpretative section of the book is the best, and it is also the one most needed, for the significance of ESP has never been adequately appreciated. Carington here attempts to show what these rare, isolated, and elusive happenings of the mind mean for our personal, social, and religious philosophy of life today. Anyone who thinks of telepathy as a mere oddity of the mind, a rare, abnormal triviality, is challenged to read these later chapters. Some idea will be gained as to why, in spite of criticism and ridicule, the ESP researches have grown in strength through the years, until even conservative Oxford University, among others, has approved a Ph.D. thesis on the subject.

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FROM BERNARD DE VOTO'S FULL PAGE REVIEW
IN THE N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW, MAY 12, 1946 VII 3

An Englishman Accomplishes the Impossible

Mr. Hutton Comes Close to a Miracle in Writing the Best Book Yet About the Middle West

MIDWEST AT NOON. By Graham Hutton. . . . *351 pp. . . . Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. . . . $3.50.*

Reviewed by
BERNARD DE VOTO
Author of "Year of Decision"

MR. GRAHAM HUTTON was already known to have accomplished an impossibility. An Englishman and a director of the British Information Services, and therefore in the eyes of Colonel McCormick an enemy alien flooding the Mid-West with a vile foreign propaganda, he operated so smoothly that "The Chicago Tribune" never once denounced him. [illegible] is known, [illegible] his office [illegible]. He comes close to m[illegible] again with this book. "[illegible]est at Noon" is a book of analysis and generalization, grounded in history and personal acquaintance, interpretative but supported by exhaustive factual knowledge, sound, sympathetic, on the whole too favorable in its judgments—in short a book obviously impossible for a foreigner to write and improbable for any one. If it is not the best book ever written about the Middle West that undertakes to be comprehensive, I cannot name the one that is.

[illegible] Indiana, [illegible]sconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri. He regards the southern portion of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as a marginal region less completely Mid-Western than the rest, attributing this difference to the influence of Southern culture. (Is not a sounder explanation the inferior soil?) He finds that another marginal region, between his western boundary and the 98th meridian, has strong affiliations with the Mid-west proper, and he calls eastern Ohio marginal also since its industry is continuous with that of another region. He also distinguishes residues of the old North-west, social and cultural islands which preserve much more of the original culture: they are mostly along the rivers and in small towns, though there is also lar residue in much of th tural Mid-West as su nizes the existences regions within the re not develop the idea.

In this Mid-West, says, a specific culture oped. He is enthusia he looks at it with light. No Englishm so warmly about United States sin lost his heart an telligence to Ari keeps a firm gri but he gives possible br breaks th opinion live

melting pot, but it is insular or parochial, being anti-Eastern, anti-foreign, not so much indifferent as belligerent toward other regions, hypersensitive, resentful of criticism. It is equalitarian but not libertarian—and not equalitarian as regards Jews, Negroes, racial minorities, or the very poor. It is tolerant of personality but intolerant of idea, kind and neighborly but ruthless in competition and suppression, warmhearted but suspicious, adventurous to an extreme commercially but intellectually timorous, politically conservative or reactionary and spiritually apathetic. Its culture is energetic, strong on gadgets and rituals and fervor, but surprisingly empty. It is a conforming culture: it has made a cult of the average.

[illegible]me of these paradoxes Mr. [illegible] tries to resolve. He does not [illegible]s succeed, but his understanding is [illegible]f their origins, in fact his understanding of the place and function [illegible] the Midwest in American [illegible] can hardly be overpraised. [illegible]f American writers—and [illegible]sors of history—understood [illegible]rican history as well as he do[illegible]here would be much less confu[illegible]n, even in the Midwest. He understands, for instance, the [illegible]me importance of the Civil [illegible]r and the pivotal place of the Midwest in it. The pre-war conflict between the Northeast and the South was largely, in some respects primarily, a contest to dominate the Midwest. The continentalism implicit in American geography, with the Midwest as its key, and in American expansion finally attached the Midwest to the Northeast and made the North. And it was the Midw[illegible]as-sured the victory [illegible] This is the co[illegible] understa[illegible] its cons[illegible]

Midwest. By John Steuart Curry
A painting from "Portrait of America" (Hyperion)

transportation and communication, in economics, in social institutions and in the reflex of [illegible] Yet he emotion down to [illegible] does not sufficie[illegible] price which [illegible] pay for [illegible] see suf[illegible]

That paradox bothers him beyond all others. He k[illegible]asking [illegible] the se[illegible]

discrimination so ferocious? Why do a people who were once a congeries of minorities, religious, economic, and political, now fear and suppress minorities? Why is minority opposition, especially intellectual opposition, so small, so secret, and so timid? What has happened to the men who were half-alligator?

He has some answers. He instances the cleavages created by the deluge of foreigners who came with industrialism, and the equally serious cleavages between rural and metropolitan life. (He is at his best when he analyzes the stages of urbanization and their effect on society.) He believes that much frontier radicalism was merely opportune and that the process of nature transformed it into an opportune safeguarding of privilege and position. He goes deeper when he discusses the plasticity of a development that came like an avalanche and left no time to think of the future, and he is still when he analyzes the reasons why the Midwest is isolationist only as regards Europe but as regards the United States as a whole. He has a clear understanding of the institutions of the Middle West developing in actual revolt against equivalent institutions to the eastward. But in the end he must fall short of a full answer.

And in the end [illegible] the fascinatio[illegible] I[illegible]

MIDWEST AT NOON
By GRAHAM HUTTON
Available wherever books are sold, $3.50
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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Strictly Personal

COMMENCEMENT WORDS

I HESITATE to believe it: my diary reports that I have listened to myself give over a hundred and fifty high school commencement addresses in the past fifteen years. There is, of course, the possibility that occasionally I did not listen.

Some of these addresses were in metropolitan high schools. Some were in small rural schools where the faculty sat on the platform to keep the two members of the senior class from being lonely. Some were in municipal auditoriums or outdoor stadia, where not only Uncle John and Aunt Sally would come, but all the neighbors as well.

Commencement is inevitably more of a community affair in the small town than it can be in a large city. In the village everyone sees the graduates as they converge on the school. The girls will often don cap and gown at home, willing for the world to see and to know. The boys, more modest (or is it that they are more sensitive to attention?), carry their academic attire in boxes under their arms.

Parents and proud relatives come early; this is one occasion when they must have seats near the front, and the neighbors, too, for they want to see with their own eyes that Jimmy, who never brought his books home, or Daisy, who is forever letting the boys hang around her, has learned enough really to be graduated.

The entire school has an air of expectancy. The conversation of the audience while they wait for the inevitable procession is animated and friendly. Their mood is that of appreciation; there is no room in their hearts this night for hostile criticism. No speaker ever has a more attentive or a more appreciative audience than a commencement speaker.

My one hundred and fifty experiences have raised certain sturdy convictions on the subject of high school commencements, convictions of things that ought and things that ought not to be. I suppose it is a necessary evil that the commencement speaker usually stands with his back to the graduating class. Rightly the seniors are the center of attention, and in order that Uncle John and Aunt Sally may see them continuously for the two hours or more, they are posed on the platforms and flooded with scorching klieg lights. That is all reasonable and proper, but if there is to be a commencement speaker, where can he stand so that he does not look into the wrinkled faces of grandpa and grandma when he says "Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class" and yet not offend his larger audience by turning his back on them? The problem is trivial, but nevertheless persistent.

In order of time, even before the class arrives at the platform, there must be the traditional procession. Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests"

from "Athalie" is the warning signal. On some twenty occasions of my hundred and fifty experiences Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" has been used. I can recall only one exception to these two standard numbers. The commencement was held on the upper floor of the community house. We climbed the stairs—five seniors, three faculty members, and myself. In the distance we heard the noises of a violin, a saxophone, and a bass fiddle. The faculty member marching next to me whispered, "Do you recognize the tune?" I confessed ignorance. "It's 'Get Along, Little Dogie, Get Along'." And so, to the rhythm of that then popular number, we came to the solemnity of a commencement program.

The "March of the Priests" and "Pomp and Circumstance" can be rousing numbers, but many high schools for unlisted reasons insist that the class shall enter with that hesitant step used in the wedding march: step, hold, count five, step. It is indeed proper for the bride, leaning on her father's arm, to appear to be reluctant to rush to the altar, but the high school senior has been struggling for twelve years for just this moment. The diploma resting on the table on the platform is his tangible symbol of success, and he can see small reason for being coy about reaching for it.

A commencement ought to be a joyous occasion. There is room for dignity, but it should be a sort of informal dignity. There should be the opportunity to be proud and to look proud and to act proud, for it is a night of achievement. There should be pride in the very way in which the senior walks. Even under the glare of lights, uncomfortable in cap and gown and embarrassed to be the cynosure of so many eyes, yes, even wilting in the June heat of the typical commencement night, the senior still knows this to be his night of triumph, and pride should be the mood of the occasion.

But that happy pride can, nevertheless, be seasoned with high expectation of things to come. Commencement is, by its very definition, a beginning. I remember one inhumanly hot night when the seniors had looked particularly wet and wilted (and, paradoxically, starchy as well). When I finished my address the president of the Board of Education spoke. She was a woman, buxom and bosomy, herself suffering from the heat, but she was a martyr to the job to which "her public" had elected her. It is always appropriate for the president of the Board to say a few words. If, however, he or she is to give a second commencement address, it would probably be best to omit the first. I think this good woman did not like my address, for she proceeded to deliver one of her own. The gist of her words was this: "Nevah, nevah, deah children, as long as you live, will you be so happy, reaaly, reaaly happy, as you are tonight." It was a dismal prospect for them, and a damnable lie. I consoled myself with wishing that I could be her husband for five minutes, just that I might express myself with the freedom of connubial bliss.

COMMENCEMENT is the senior's night. Somewhere in the program the spotlight of full attention must swing completely and mercilessly on him. For the graduating class of the small high school the problem is not difficult. For the larger school it becomes a major concern. Simply reading the senior's name is not enough. At the moment of reading *the* name, Bob or Jane must appear so that all in the audience may see.

I have frequently been moved with the deepest admiration at the way this delicate problem has been met in those schools where utmost care is given to the planning of the com-

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mencement program. Bob's and Jane's moment must be theirs, and that moment must not be too brief. Neither must it be too long. And the name must be read so that all can easily hear. It is unfortunate that so many schools give the task of reading the names to the president of the Board of Education, for frequently he is not a trained public speaker, and often he is unacquainted with the pronunciation of the foreign names on the list. The wisest plan appears to be to let the principal read the names and allow the president of the Board to deliver the diploma to the student. There remains the problem of timing. I recall one occasion when, with a graduating class of four hundred seated in the front of the auditorium, the student was not allowed to appear at the left of the stage until his name had been sonorously pronounced, nor was the second name read until the first student had crossed the stage, grasped his diploma, and disappeared in the curtains at the opposite wing, to appear shortly in the auditorium and to take his seat. The stage of the local motion picture house was abnormally wide, and the stretches of the auditorium were long. It was a cruel, tedious performance.

About half of the commencements I have attended used student speakers, usually labelled valedictorian and salutatorian. Many of the addresses have been well prepared, thoughtful, and timely, even though the wrinkled hand of the English teacher may sometimes have shown itself in a stiffness of style. It is a custom to be commended. The extra work which falls on the English teacher should be a labor of love. Whether love or boredom, the labor must be performed painstakingly and with a mood approaching consecration. Nothing is more distressing or more disgraceful to the school than the student paper which is ill prepared or wretchedly given. I recall with a shudder a tiny country commencement where one of the three graduates, a girl, was listed to recite Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken." The verses chance to be favorites of mine, and were embodied more firmly in my memory than they appeared to be in that of the elocutionist. Her terror was complete as she faced parents and friends. A kindly teacher from behind stage gave her a line. It had to be repeated twice before she heard. She in turn gave it to the audience and waited. Again the prompter; again the repetition; then the second line. I questioned whether or not I should take over the task of prompting, for, being seated near her, I could have done it more effectively than her off-stage mentor. But I was fearful lest the familiar words coming from an unexpected source would completely disorganize her. Stage-fright is too common an experience not to elicit sympathy.

If I were a high school principal, I should arrange the entire commencement program with a display of student activity and student achievement, for, in spite of my own pleasure in high school commencements, I question the place of a speaker on that particular night. When a speaker is used, it is obvious that his function in part is to provide suspense. The great moment of the evening is the granting of diplomas. Nothing else compares with it in significance. But the American public is so conditioned by the motion-picture show with its two to two-and-a-half-hour program that when they go to the trouble of dressing up they expect a program of similar length. The commencement speaker is often the answer. He is a filler-in between the salutatorian and the granting of the diplomas.

Although commencement is the senior's night, it is the parents' eyes that gleam brightest. Perhaps some day there will be a commencement program arranged with duplicate sets of diplomas, one set for the graduating senior and one for the parents. It may be the graduating senior who has conquered chemistry and learned to avoid the comma habit and memorized the dates of American history, but in the large majority of homes it was some mother or father who encouraged or rebuked, pulled out of bed or tucked back into bed, depending upon the time of day or night, and asked persistent questions regarding homework.

Commencement speaking is good fun, but half the delight which comes from it lies in the intimate glimpses into the fresh young life of high school days which a seat on the platform offers. To stand in the corridor while the noisy procession forms; to watch the greetings and embraces when the exercises are over; to study the faces, serious, strained, embarrassed, utterly earnest, sometimes gay, possessed, and poised—these are all sources of pleasure. It bolsters one's ego a year later to be recognized and greeted with "Oh, you were our commencement speaker."

BUT if one is ever tempted to pontifical rumination on how many words can be spoken, à la Johnny Appleseed, in a hundred and fifty commencement addresses, a reach back in memory is a healthy gesture. One night in the far past I attended a commencement, not as a commencement speaker, but as a high school senior. There was a speaker that night, but I have quite forgotten his name. He must have had a subject, but it does not lie in memory, and the printed program has long since been lost. Doubtless he said something, words at least, but not a single phrase remains in mind. . . . To remember can be a purging and a humbling experience.

One wonders how many of Johnny Appleseed's seeds were without life at the core, doomed from the start to death. One wonders how many seeds fell on rocky ground, and died in the sun. One wonders how many became trees with rosy, juicy apples. . . . One wonders what happens to commencement words.

KENNETH IRVING BROWN.

Dr. Brown is president of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

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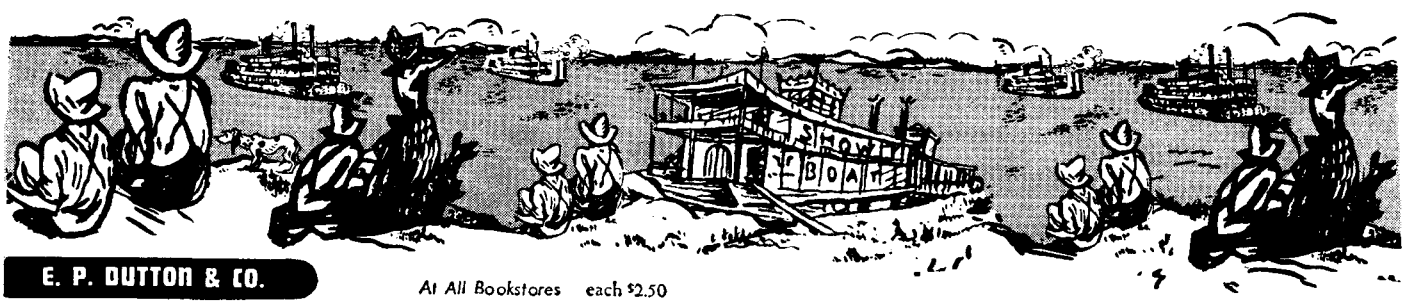
Sketches by ALICE CADDY



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Austin the Adolescent

SOMETHING BETWEEN. By Marian Cockrell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 261 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BETTY SMITH

CRIME fiction has undergone a non-subtle change. The new whodunit fictioneers have abandoned the trite but true formula of the cretin professional versus the brilliant amateur detective; the device of making each character in turn suspect, and avoiding all tag-you're-it hints concerning the real criminal.

The new writers in this specialized field put primary emphasis on straight novel technique—plausible characters, good description, careful mood, and logical plot. Crime and its detection take secondary place. The old formula called for a whimsical, satirical, or noble treatment of a sexless love interest. The new formula demands a more natural if somewhat lustier treatment of what happens when boy and girl are in proximity.

Sometimes the new formula comes off very well, as in the case of "The Lateral Man," by Helen Eustis. This book, aside from being a freshly handled murder mystery, can stand on its own feet as an excellent, witty, psychological novel of life in an inbred college community.

On the other hand the formula betrays Miss Cockrell. "Something Between" fails as straight fiction and fails as crime fiction. The first half of the book is a light, implausible novel and the last half is a slight crime-and-detection yarn. The fusion is inept. "Something Between" starts as a novel of small-town life almost authentically portrayed, then suddenly switches into murder and its detection. The description on the book jacket avoids the words murder, crime, and solution and refers to the switch as "the flavor of intrigue and mystery."

The book concerns the goings-on of the three Rossiter sisters (two unmarried, the eldest a Billie-Burke-ish widow with a rousing adolescent son), who live on their hard-won property carrying on an old feud with their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Moon, who is the town meanie. The Rossiter house is full of boy friends as the three sisters are being courted simultaneously; one by Mrs. Moon's only and inept son, the second by the manager of the local war plant, who is temporarily on leave to help win a war, and the widow by the new manager. Life in the Rossiter home, aided and abetted by a gem of a maid found only in escape literature (bossy but respectful, affectionate but competent) goes forward with the usual ups-and-downs.

Suddenly Mrs. Meanie Moon is found murdered. Death came with a crashing conk on the skull. What is technically known as the lethal weapon is a bag of coins that the late Mrs. Moon had collected earlier in the evening after an impassioned plea to buy war bonds and stamps at the local movie house. It seems a little gratuitous that the lady should be murdered by a weapon which is a physical symbol of unselfish public spirit.

Well, you know how it is. Everyone is suspected including the three sisters, their beaus, the town's man-crazy zany, and a minor character brought in at the last moment. However, this is one of those rare whodunits in which the avid reader puts his finger on the murderer long before the author reveals the criminal. Some readers may find this a defect, but it gave this reader (who never can guess who) a feeling of superiority and pleasure.

The crime is quickly solved by the shenanigans of Austin the Adolescent, who, by the way, is the best character in the book and almost worth the price of admission.

The jacket blurb claims that Miss Cockrell's writing has humor and buoyancy. That's true enough. There are some comedy lines and the style *is* buoyant. The blurb also refers to the author's works as "popular fic-

"Something Between" is really the tion." And that's true enough, too.

Marian Cockrell's book is one half "light implausible novel" and one half "slight crime-and-detection yarn."

long short story type of book that will find a place on countless night tables to beguile that large fraternity of readers who, after a rousing workday, perversely find relaxation and peace in lullaby reading of "murder most foul," descriptions of revolting corpses, and the chronicles of man's knavery toward man.

(P.S. This, too, is gratuitous. But I think the book should have been called "Austin the Adolescent.")

Girl Grows Older

RUTH MIDDLETON. By Louis Zara. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 435 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE growth of a child is one of the inexhaustible miracles of existence, and a writer need never seek excuses for retelling it. This is the whole substance of Louis Zara's new novel: the first fourteen years of a girl's life. These are detailed with no special plot pattern, but merely in time sequence for the sake of their cumulative effect, for the wonder of such things as the beginning of movement, the development of consciousness, the knitting of language and meaning, the rise of personality. And upon the periphery of the central wonder move the figures of the family group, the mother and father, the uncles, the younger brother, changing in size and substance, adding dimensions, as Ruth's own consciousness matures.

If the book is not an unqualified success, that is because Mr. Zara has underwritten it. The subject is not a slight one, but he has used it only slightly. The growth of a mind through fourteen years, and above all those first fourteen, is a tremendous stirring and shifting of levels; planes and prisms of thought flashing simultaneously. My feeling here is that Mr. Zara has scarcely suggested the rich complexity of it. That story remains to be told. His is closer to the surface, to what can be seen and heard with the naked eye and ear—the appetites, the tears, the stumbling, the baby words, the prosy joys and sorrows. But not the real miracle. Therefore the book seems to depend too largely upon its secondary matters, upon the travails of Mark and Phoebe, the parents, and upon the undistinguished outer data of Ruth's adolescence. These are not negligible, since Mr. Zara is a sincere and zestful writer. But he has suggested how much more he wished to do, and we regret the lesser accomplishment.

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Oklahoma!

THE GREAT PROMISE. By Noel Houston. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 502 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANCES GRAY

THERE are times, especially during the summer months, when a long, swift-paced narrative fills a definite need. Mr. Houston's story as it moves from Raleigh to Washington and then to the newly-opened Oklahoma Territory supplies exciting entertainment of a sort well-known to movie audiences and readers of Anya Seton.

The tale is told for the most part from the point of view of a young and beautiful heroine. This girl, after a repressed youth blighted by her mother's adultery and her father's insane desire to keep his daughter in isolated purity, meets and marries on a sudden impulse a cheap, but engaging, crook. She follows him to a land where presumably everyone can begin life anew, and there through sheer luck she achieves fame, fortune, and power. The author, who was himself born in this land and has a gift for factual reporting, traces with considerable skill the growth of a boom town about the year 1900, its dubious population of off-color bankers, store-keepers, preachers, and newspaper men, its gambling hells, madams, and women's clubs, its rotten politics and idealistic reformers. We follow the rake's progress of more than one of these characters, and many a page is hot and gummy with sulphurous scenes of passion. For good measure there are several murders, a fall over a cliff, a cloudburst, prairie-fire, criminal round-up, and a long chase accompanied by a commendable amount of gun-play.

Despite its undue length and overmeticulous detail, however, this is surface story-telling. We hear of the thoughts and feelings of the heroine, her clothes and household furnishings, we watch her in a large variety of activities, but the massed *minutiae* of her existence never add up to a whole. The sudden shifts in her character, like the sudden shifts in her fortunes and her love affairs, seem to depend wholly on blind chance and the author.

However, as a picture of what happened when our last frontier was opened up, when have-nots and con men rushed in to build towns overnight, the novel possess validity. And it will probably hold the interested attention of plenty of tired business men on vacation.

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Margaret

by CAROLINE SLADE

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"Margaret is the victim of her environment—a dark, dirty home, a brutal father, a spineless mother, a paralyzed grandmother whose care was the girl's responsibility and who frightened her by the tales of the Reform School of her own youth. Margaret has only rummage-sale clothes. She makes few friends. And she has no ambition beyond a maniacal longing for money which means escape. Little wonder that she becomes an easy mark for a group of sex degenerates for whom she procures little girls. The results are terrible and far-reaching. But Margaret, when arraigned, remains conscienceless and remorseless. Social workers, psychiatrists, police, judge cannot move her to reveal the names of her loathsome confederates. She enters Reform School, looking forward to the day when she can be released and return to her life of ease and crime. The answer is help has come too late. Her character is already set.

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RUTH BLODGETT in *The Book-of-the-Month-Club News*

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To the Ladies

A LADY'S PLEASURE. The Modern Woman's Treasury of Good Reading. Introduction by Ilka Chase. New York: William Penn Publishing Corp. 1946. 602 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

FEW reviewers are likely to part with this anthology. It will divert too many of their clients who, like birds in the nest, continuously demand refreshment. Although obviously aimed at the ladies, the volume is a perfect bedtime companion for guests and sick friends of both genders. Indeed men will like it almost as well as women; it will teach them all they need to know—and more—about their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, but especially about their wives, mistresses, and daughters. By a mistaken association of ideas the publishers asked Ilka Chase to write the introduction; they were probably thinking of "In Bed We Cry." She has done a neat job, but the book itself does not suggest her title; it might well have been called "In Bed We Enjoy."

A great deal of first-rate entertainment lies in these six hundred pages: twenty-nine well-chosen short stories, twenty-two poems mostly of the lighter sort, and seventeen miscellaneous pieces by writers of prime quality. There are tales about adolescent girls, exigent mistresses, satisfied and dissatisfied wives, women in hovels and women in mansions; there are funny stories and stories not so funny, mystical stories and stories with a touch of mystery, ironical stories and stories of terrible reality. The women range from female to feminine, from bitchy to noble, and whether you like your girls rare or well-done, you'll find an ample assortment of every grade from poor to AAA.

Nor need those who object to sex distinctions in the appreciation of literature (and most of us do) take the title too seriously. The contributors, both male and female, are equally bifurcated and exhibit the same absence of squeamishness. Certainly no one would associate cambric tea and saccharine twaddle with John O'Hara, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Benét, Ogden Nash, or, to name a few of the women authors, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Agatha Christie, Edna Ferber, or Dorothy Parker. The latter's "Horsie" is manly stuff; so is Katherine Anne Porter's acidulous "Rope."

But even the most delicate and sensitive of these stories will appeal to many masculine readers, stories like Sheila Kaye-Smith's "A Day in a Woman's Life," in which a girl clings to a selfish, unreliable lover, unable to free herself from the bondage of her love for him although she realizes (and tries to suppress the realization) that he has tired of her; or Nancy Hale's "Midsummer," the study of an adolescent girl's inexperienced passions (Victoria Lincoln treats a somewhat similar theme, quite differently, in her amusing "Late Afternoon of a Nymph"); or Jessamyn West's "The Vase," which simultaneously suggests a woman's memories of her long life and the divergent approach to beauty of a man and his wife; or Pearl Buck's remarkable "Repatriated," the story of a marriage between Oriental and Occidental that manages to study the conflicts not only between two civilizations and two social classes, but also those between the real and the unattainable.

Included among the memorable first-rate tales are many well-established classics such as Katherine Brush's famous "Night Club," Katherine Mansfield's "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," Edith Wharton's "Permanent Wave," and Saki's ironic "Tea."

Within the covers of this single volume one also meets all sorts of familiar, amusing, exotic, and tantalizing people. There are Clarence Day's mother coaxing an allowance from Father, Phineas Beck's Clémentine with her abundant good cheer, Rosemary Taylor's boarders who sinned at midnight, Mary Ellen Chase's grandmother who scrambled her Christmas presents and later doled them back to the givers, Cornelia Otis Skinner trying to break the ice and finding herself unusually inarticulate, Ilka Chase explaining what to do with the sexes on the basis of her "Past Imperfect," Louise Dickinson Rich and her husband wrestling with the problem of the umbilical cord in the Maine woods, the McKenney girls, Ruth and her sister Eileen, routing the Brazilian Navy in a very close engagement, Frank Crowinshield reminiscing about Mrs. Astor, and Gertrude Lawrence reminiscing about all the men who fell in love with her.

In short, here is a good long summer's drink with plenty of rum, lime, and sparkling water, a generous dash of bitters and, Heaven be praised, not too much sugar.

"Your honor, weren't you a welder in my factory during the war?"

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Teas and Hunts

THE PURSUIT OF LOVE. By Nancy Mitford. New York: Random House. 1946. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is an engaging and deftly written story about English country life in the grand manner, and one of those landed gentry families whose antecedents go back into the mists of antiquity. The Radletts live in an enormous English country house, complete with gamekeeper, under-gamekeeper, gardener, under-gardener, butler, first, second, and third housemaids, and so on; there is Tea in the Great Hall every afternoon, and everybody rides and hunts, even the children. The Radletts are a fascinating and highly individual family, ruled by Uncle Matthew, bluff, violent-tempered, opinionated, medieval in his ideas about the education and upbringing of the young females of his household. Though the story opens in the 1920's, there is a distinctly Victorian atmosphere in Alconleigh.

The story is told by Fannie, Uncle Matthew's niece, who, a nominal orphan, spends most of her girlhood at Alconleigh with her seven cousins. Fannie's mother and father had been divorced when she was a baby, and each had gone gaily on pursuing the romantic life with a succession of husbands, wives, and lovers, none of whom wanted to be bothered with Fannie. It was a paradox, yet curiously consistent with the inconsistency of the Radletts, that they were more amused than shocked by Fannie's unconventional parents. Fannie's mother was referred to as The Bolter, due to her habit of bolting from one marriage to another and later from one affair to the other, all in the most light-hearted manner imaginable. Little Fannie grew up in her uncle's household, and the first part of the book is about life at Alconleigh, the hunts, the dull parties, the occasional visits to London, the eccentricities of the relatives, and the private, intense, rebellious life of the children. Linda, the beauty of the family, was Fannie's age, and they were a couple of romantic rebels, Linda in particular. The latter part of the book is Linda's story—how she, in pursuit of romance and ideal love, marries first the stodgy scion of a wealthy banking family, then leaves him and marries a Communist and goes to work with him in the concentration camps at Perpignan where, in 1939, the French held the Spanish refugees, then how she leaves her

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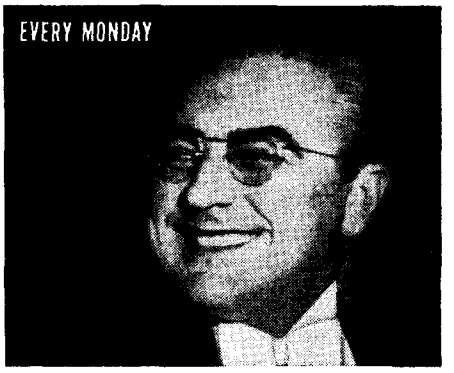

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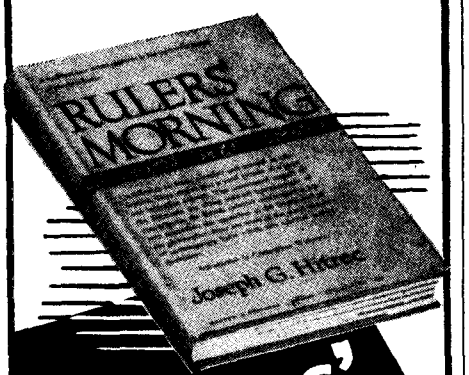

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Communist and becomes the mistress of a French nobleman.

In spite of what is in essence a tragic story, Miss Mitford's book is a comedy of manners—light, satiric, sophisticated, full of wit and grace. It is romance rather than realism; that is to say it is realism with all the heaviness taken out; Linda's idyll in Paris with her Duc might well be played by Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward. But there is a gentle, delicately nostalgic quality to the writing, particularly in the picture of the family during Linda's and Fannie's girlhood, and feather-brained, romantic Linda is described with tenderness and understanding. Uncle Matthew, Aunt Sadie, his wife; the Bolter (who comes back home for a visit with her latest acquisition, one Juan, a ruffianly looking Spaniard whom she had picked up in her travels and without whom, she said, she could never have got away from a ghastly prison camp in Spain); Lord Merlin, the neighbor whose dogs wore diamond collars and who lived in what Uncle Matthew considered decadent splendor; the rich and vulgar Kroesigs, into whoe family Linda first married, and a host of other characters make up a memorable and picturesque cast. "The Pursuit of Love" is a thoroughly delightful book—witty, gay, its satire keen and never clumsy, a Thackeray novel in modern dress.

Pessimism Without Passion

SPOONHANDLE. By Ruth Moore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 377 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE pessimism of serious American fiction is something which we take for granted. It can surprise us only when it presents itself, not as a criticism, but as a cure. "Spoonhandle" is a serious novel and a surprising novel: it is so sturdy, forthright, and kindly, and at the same time so deeply pessimistic. It introduces us to a scene of immense corruption; counsels, if I am not mistaken, the acceptance of corruption, since corruption is more powerful than we are; tells us that human beings (unless they are saints or entrepreneurs) are destined to be swindled and exploited, and remarks that this is not too bad, since they are also destined to love, and laugh, and do good deeds. In short, everything is for the best in the worst of worlds.

It is only to be expected that a novel which indulges in this sort of paradox should offer us at one and the same time the possibilities of conflict and an almost complete absence of conflict. The situation in "Spoonhandle" is explosive; the solution is a moonlight calm. On the island of Big Spoon, off the coast of Maine, lives a very evil person called Pete Stilwell, who plans to swindle his neighbors out of their property and then hand them over to the mercy of the Summer Visitors, personified by a certain Mr. Witherspoon of Baltimore. They are to lose their independence along with their property. Pete's fraud is eventually unmasked, and his eyes are blacked, and he finds it advisable to disappear for a month. Then everybody agrees that, after all, it might be a lot worse, and Pete and Mr. Witherspoon are left in control. Such are the wages of sin in Big Spoon Island.

In contrast to Pete are two other Stilwells—Hod, who is a good young man if a little confused, and Willie, who is a saint. They refuse to sell their property, and are obviously not going to descend into the peonage which awaits the rest of the community. Hod is the one who blacks Pete's eyes; otherwise his, and Willie's, protest is a complete withdrawal. All ends well for them, too. Willie adopts a son, and Hod marries the girl whom he has loved from the beginning of the book.

In between are all the other people on Big Spoon—people who are neither very good nor very evil; who are mostly decent, neighborly folks, and who are destined to be Pete Stilwell's not too unwilling victims. The individual characterizations of these people are extremely well done, and in them, I suspect, can be found the real incentive for writing this book.

And yet Miss Moore introduces the theme of a decaying community, and sticks to it throughout the novel. Her Maine people, in their habits and their humors, are very different from the rest of us; but her dedication ("To Any American Town") suggests that the difference is not very profound. We, too, like the inhabitants of Big Spoon Island, are at the mercy of the Stilwells and the Witherspoons; we, too, must either be saints or victims; we, too, must learn that perhaps it could be a lot worse. This, it would seem, is what "Spoonhandle" wishes to tell us. For the conclusion of this book appears to be a calm, an almost cheerful, a gently ironical resignation. This is pessimism without passion. This is non-resistance in its kindliest and most alarming form.

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Much Ground, Little Depth

DEBORAH. By Marian Castle. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1946. 537 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

MRS. CASTLE introduces us to her heroine, Deborah Seerlie, just before the turn of the century, and we move, with her, through three generations — examining the American quest for "culture," the expression of that quest in small town life, in Deborah's life—listening to the prattle of the Lost Generation—slipping quickly into the next —following, through the life of Deborah and her children, the life of American youth from the nineties through the Second World War. But the examination is superficial, the audition only half-hearted, and the thread we follow lies, unfortunately enough, only along the surface of the great body of material which the author hoped and sincerely attempted to penetrate.

Of course, if the American tradition in literature may be regarded as a dabble in trends, a dabble in history, a dabble in human experience, Mrs. Castle has certainly written a novel in that tradition. If, on the other hand, it implies the ability to go below the surface, to get at causes, to understand and represent skillfully the life of a nation in the life of an individual or group of individuals, then she has failed. Mrs. Castle's book reveals no more promising talent than the ability to skip swiftly and sentimentally through the high spots in the intellectual history of the United States which most of us remember from college. Her book fails, not only in evaluation, but in statement.

It struck me suddenly, somewhere in the middle of the story, that the author was being desperately torn among any number of substantial themes: the peculiar relationships which arise between the mothers of one generation and the daughters of another; the specific characteristics of each of her three colorful generations of youth; the characteristics common to all generations of young people; the cynicism and optimism which have alternately clutched American minds, found their loudest expression in the talk of American youth.

Somehow, apparently lacking the ability to illustrate the relationship between individual desires and national trends, to integrate human problems with national problems, individual characteristics with national

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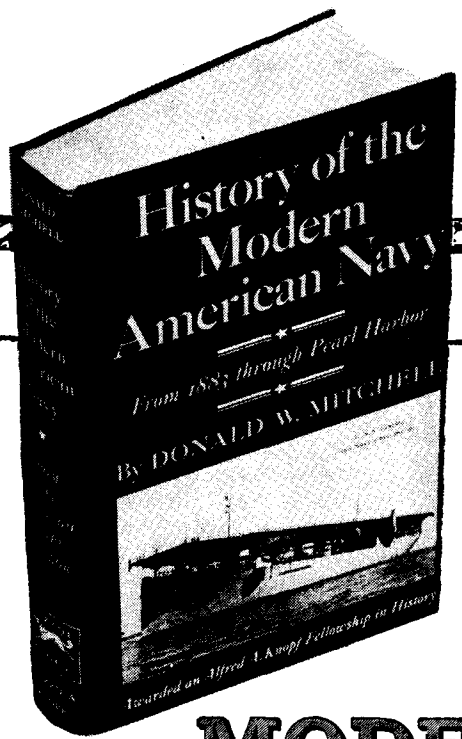
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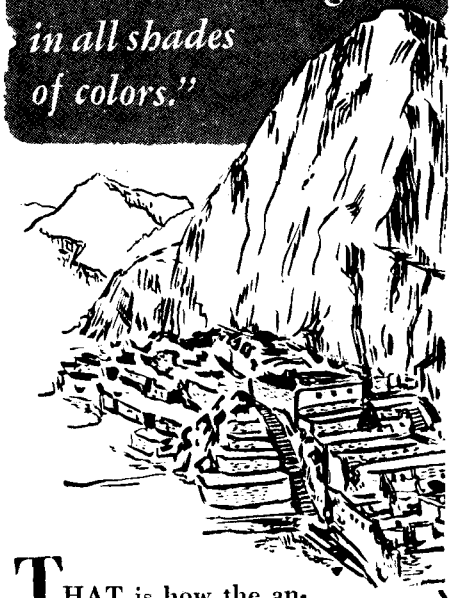
"The land of Tula was rich beyond all comparison . . and cotton grew in all shades of colors."



THAT is how the ancient Aztecs envisioned the perfect land. Then, over four centuries later, in 1944, the following appeared in *The New York Times:* "The day may not be far distant when a woman may choose the color of her dress from the plant." All of which supports Dr. Morgan's assertion that your wildest dreams may not be so wild at that!

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Nowhere was Somewhere

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characteristics, she emerged with a muddle of both, leaving significant issues and lesser ones alike inadequately developed.

In the face of all this, it is even more painful to note that Mrs. Castle's literary manner has no right to be fooling around with anything as tremendous as the intellectual and social history of America. In the initial phases of her story, she persists in making predictions and implications, issuing, in low warning tones, prophecies which she is obviously in a position to make and which, far from being dramatically ironic, sometimes prove downright irritating. Another phrase which has been bandied about considerably, in reference to our modern novelists, is "magazine-level"; it, too, covers a multitude of sins and should possibly be examined more carefully some day. But I do not feel that I am being ambiguous or unfair when I apply it, regretfully, to Mrs. Castle's book.

A Man of Feeling

RIVER OF YEARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Joseph Fort Newton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 390 pp. $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

AS a young man Dr. Newton, a native of Texas and a scion of one of the most distinguished of Southern families, the Battles, "was in a quandary about entering the Baptist ministry, *feeling* (my italics) that I had no right to accept service in a church whose theology I did not believe." However, before he was nineteen years old he did enter the Baptist ministry. He considered the Methodist "but put it aside, not only because it would wound Mother deeply, but it would have outraged my family, who had been Baptists for generations." In 1894—he was born in 1876—apparently after his call to the ministry, Dr. Newton entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. Exactness, precision, accuracy are not the strong points of this autobiography, which has a boyish naïveté that no reader concerned for religion in America will allow to disarm him. Dr. Newton, for instance, complains that at his seminary, in 1894, psychology "was crowded into a corner. Yet Freud, Jung, Adler and others were beginning their work." Freud's first important book was published in 1895; in 1894 Jung was not yet twenty years old, and the movement loosely called psychoanalysis belongs entirely to this century, and was internationally known only to a few experts before the Congress of 1906.

The importance of "River of Years" to the student of Christianity in this country rests in the author's bland unawareness of the catastrophe that has overwhelmed his particular kind of sectarianism—"non-sectarianism." Dr. Newton passed from the Baptist fold to various "free" churches. During the last war he was a very successsful preacher at one of the most famous of London's Independent churches, the City Temple. He returned to his own country and at the invitation of the bishop of Pennsylvania was ordained as an Episcopalian priest. Apparently he received no training for this; and nothing he writes here shows any sign of theological learning or the discipline of thought.

Yet Dr. Newton has been and no doubt still is an influence in this country and in England. He owes his influence presumably to an attractive personality, gifts as a popular preacher, and that absence of the critical faculty which is displayed throughout this book. Two instances will be enough to illustrate this last trait.

He fell quite completely—does anyone remember that sensation, almost as great as Opal Whiteley's?—for the

---

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tom Sawyer.
2. Philo Vance.
3. Madeline.
4. Ashley Wilkes.
5. Lewis Carroll.
6. Tom Brown.
7. Don Quixote.
8. Jean Valjean.
9. The Diogenes Club.
10. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
11. Agnes Wickfield.
12. Sadie Thompson.
13. Black Bess.
14. The Hoosier Schoolmaster.
15. Becky Thatcher.
16. Jim Bludso.
17. Ulysses.
18. Old Maid.
19. "Pinafore."
20. John Watson.
21. Tabard Inn.
22. Graustark.
23. Whist.
24. Peter Wimsey.
25. "Hispaniola."

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clotted archaic bosh of Patience Worth, and read one of her stories, recorded by the ouija board, "with a bowed mind." In England he met Chesterton, Friedrich von Hügel, and Charles Gore, and declares the last to have had a petrified mind. This is so absurd a judgment on that great liberal that I find it as hard to make any sense of it as of Dr. Newton's opinion that a man was not a gentleman who argued "that Bertrand Russell had a much greater and finer mind than William James." Surely as a criterion of gentility this must be the oddest on record.

Dr. Newton for some years wrote a nationally distributed column on religion, and must have comforted many in trouble. He is, in the lingo of a past age, at times rather shy-making, as when he describes a book of his own as "a little book that softly talks with God." For a religious leader he has very little to say in this autobiography about his views or actions on the questions that troubled our times. For instance, he says nothing about his convictions on that monstrous experiment, Prohibition; though he was in this country from 1919 he appears to have been unconcerned by the case of Sacco and Vanzetti and unconcerned in that panicky persecution of alleged "reds," the imprisonment of Eugene Debs and the deportation of Emma Goldman. It is possible, of course—I have read nothing else of Dr. Newton's—that he did take a conspicuous part in controversies where Christian liberty was at stake. If so, it is false modesty to leave his efforts unrecorded. He indulges in a few indignant generalizations about racial and religious prejudices; but he allows himself the monstrous allegation that the Church of Rome "seems to imply . . . by its attitude and acts" that "all Protestant marriages are invalid and all Protestant children illegitimate." A reference to any standard textbook would have shown him the baselessness of this slander.

It all comes back to that fatal word "feeling."

Dr. Newton muses sadly on the pulling down of churches in Philadelphia and New York, where he thinks religion has to overcome "a Fifth Avenue psychology." (There *is* the Little Church around the Corner.) I wonder if he has ever noticed that there are a good many Roman Catholic churches which appear to be free of this "psychology," and that perhaps something can be said for a religion that inculcates discipline, thought, and duty rather than one of warm emotion and definite uplift?

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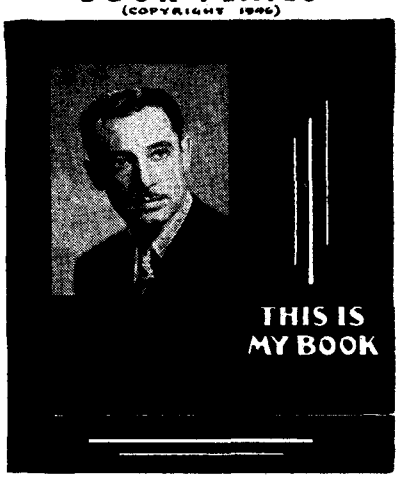

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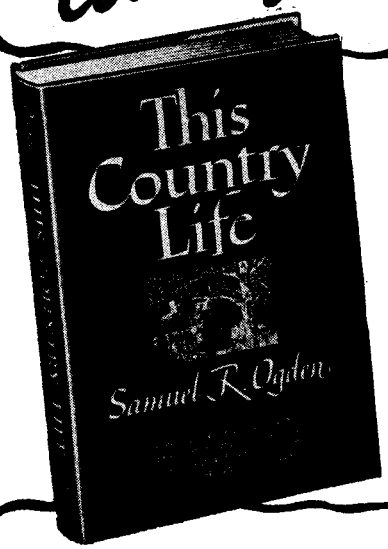

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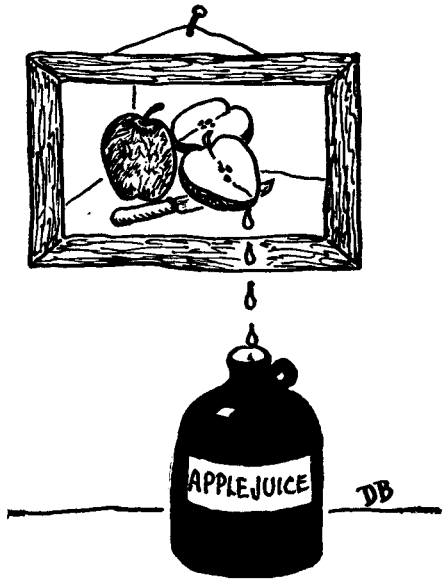
THE WORD HARVEST OF '45

(*Continued from page 6*)

pretended to be combat men. When non-combat men were re-trained and transferred to combat duty, they were called *convertees.* A group of our soldiers in France were much taken by the English term *compassionate leave,* and they made up their own variant, *passionate leave.* Seven of them wrote in this issue to *Yank,* February 23:

> We fellows of Hut 20 have a little bitch to make. We often read in the English papers of the English soldiers receiving a compassionate leave. Our question is this: As long as the Allies can get leaves why can't we be returned to the States for passionate leaves? We are all married men and don't feel that we would be living up to our marriage vows by cheating on our wives. Hence our request. We have been over here for a year or better now and find things pretty tough.

Let us turn now to the domestic social scene—but even here some soldier words are met with. With regard to a discharge policy, Senator Johnson of Colorado asked the War Department to adopt what he called the *fifo formula,* for "first in, first out" (*New York Post,* April 30). The replacement depot was nicknamed the *repple-depple.* At last the soldier would get the discharge button, and of several designations *ruptured duck* developed the greatest currency. Cal Tinney reported that finally his discharge papers had "mister-fied" him. In England a discharged soldier is a *demobbee,* from their verb to *demob,* clipped from *demobilization.* Wrote William Hickey in the London *Sunday Express,* August 22: "Demobbee caller yesterday, with, for a change, no complaints, but anxious to do some back-slapping."



The deprivations on the home-front were instrumental in reviving the suffix *-easy,* on the model of *speakeasy.* Restaurants that served meat in defiance of New York City's meatless days were called *meateasies* (*The New York Times,* February 6). Later in the year Walter Winchell declared that "restaurant-easies are the newest thing in town," and on August 4 the *New York Daily News* reported that a hearing was being held for a man "accused of operating a foodeasy in his store." The hamburger stands were exempted from the meatless ruling, but the association of restaurateurs suggested that they ought to "switch on those two days to 'fishburgers'—a fishcake sandwich" (*The New York Times,* January 22). Inasmuch as buffalo meat, as game, was not rationed, "buffaloburgers" made their appearance. Dixie Tighe reported from Hong Kong the presence of "catburgers." In New York's seafood restaurants a number of little-known fish turned up, such as rosefish, croakers, and scup, together with a real mystery in "sea squab." These were really blow-fish tails, but the restaurant men felt that nobody would eat them under their usual name.

THE curfew ruling in February produced a few short-lived terms. Cafe society was redubbed "curfew society" (Winchell) or "caffeine society" (Earl Wilson). Out of the "curfewsion" people looked back at 1944 B. C. (Before Curfew). Some women adopted a coiffure called the "curfew hair-do," while others became "curfloozies."

In the field of economics, the manpower shortage led to a plan called the *split day,* run on a four-hour shift, so that spare-time workers could be used (*The New Republic,* February 19). In February a blizzard in New England kept many people from work, but the regional War Labor Board authorized "blizzard pay" (*The New York Times,* February 15). In addition to 1944's *cartel-busting* and *cartelographer,* we had in 1945 a "cartel-crusher" (*New York Daily News,* September 19). In England the younger generation was heard to say frequently, "When I get my Beveridge" (*Time and Tide,* March 31), an expression that parallels the older "When I get my Lloyd George."

In the field of race relations Senator Bilbo has done much to qualify as the figurative type of bigot. The

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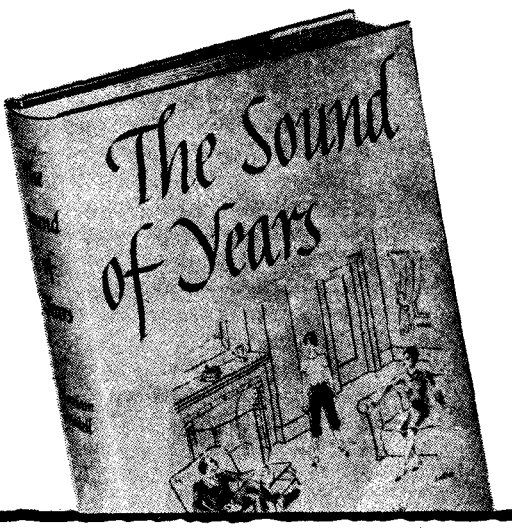
word *Bilboism* has been used repeatedly, as when Willam O'Dwyer, candidate for mayor of New York, declared during his campaign, "Bilboism has no place in American life" (*New York Post*, August 20). A PAC pamphlet trumpeted, "Let all the reactionaries and Bilboites take note—we have our marching orders!" And there is a touch of brilliance in the phrase, "the Bilbonic plague" (*New York Post*, July 31). The writer of "Talk of the Town" in *The New Yorker*, August 11, expressed disbelief that such a person as Senator Bilbo could really exist, but continued: "However, it is probably a good idea to have a fictitious character in the Senate typifying race hatred and bigotry, and the sooner the word 'bilbo' gets added to the language the better." A few weeks later Walter White followed this suggestion, in the *SRL, September* 29, by a reference to "Senators who sit in stupid silence while bilbos rave." Hazel Scott, the noted concert pianist, gave talks over the country in a fight against what she called "DAR-ism" (*New York Post*, November 19).

The political scene too has yielded its words. In the New York City mayoralty campaign the word *machine-ocrat* turned up. A spokesman for the City Fusion party appealed to the Democrats "to repudiate the 'machine-ocrat' ticket." He added (*The New York Times*, June 25): "They, as we, are nauseated by the 'machine-ocrat jackals' in their tiger clothing fighting over the spoils of a battle not yet fought." A correspondent of Samuel Grafton (*New York Post*, February 26) offered the name *Retardocrats* to designate those in the "unholy alliance" between the Republicans and the Southern reactionary Democrats. In Illinois politics a representative in the state legislature, Frederick A. Virkus, introduced a bill to revise the voting districts, and as the plan favored his own party it was promptly called the *Virkusmander*. A threatened filibuster in Congress was referred to by Representative Barkley as a *talkathon* (*New York Post*, June 27).

The fireworks that accompanied the displacement of Earl Browder from his post among the Communists brought to light some curious words, the best of them being *tailism*. He was accused by his former associates of "chronic tailism," that is, of "frequently dragging at the tail end of Roosevelt" (*New York World-Telegram*, July 28). Another charge against him was that of "liquidationism." He in turn replied by hurling against his ex-friends the epithets of "IWWism," "semi-Trotskyism," and "anarcho-syndicalism"; but these sadly lack the freshness and juiciness of *tailism* and *liquidationism*. And, ah, what a change there is in the meaning of *Browderism*! It was recorded for 1944 in these pages as a synonym for "Communism"; but now listen to William Z. Foster in *The Daily Worker* (New York), July 25: "Browderism, seeking constantly to shield the monopolists from conscious attack, tends to compromise and weaken this whole struggle."

Also of political interest is the word *liblabism*, used in *Why?*, December—certain weekly magazines provide "data for those interested in



WHEN

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

EVER since the great Conan Doyle christened his immortal detective Sherlock, it has been almost a rule to have unusual names for the leading character in a detective novel. There are notable exceptions, and even fads with a trend towards the Peter, Nick, and Tommy school of thought. But by and large, as a profession, fiction detectives have odd names, such as: Nero, Ellery, Hercule, Elisha, or Philo. In fact, no other profession has such unusual names save the United States Presidency with its Rutherford, Zachary, Woodrow, and Calvin.

Consequently, it should be no surprise to readers of whodunits to encounter "off the beaten track" names in a book, yet you'll be surprised when you start DOROTHY GARDINER'S **BEER FOR PSYCHE.** Here, in one book, indeed in one family, are characters named *Psyche, Charlemagne, Godiva, Wilbertine,* and *Isolde.* Among this quintet you will find a victim, an intended victim, a love element, and the person who solves the crimes.

* * * *

Strangely enough, names are a feature in BETTINA BOYERS' **THE WHITE MAZURKA.** First of all, the setting is a New England town populated mainly by Polish and Hungarian people with such names as *Bleibtreu, Janima, Kasja,* and *Wiosna.* The name *St. Andrae* figures largest. This is the name of the village, the castle there, and the woman owner of the castle, who is nicknamed *The Black Widow* because of numerous sinister things which happened.

* * * *

Now that I've gone this far on the theme of odd names, I can't let you down. So I'll point out that the village of Pucalpa on the Ucayali River is the locale for **PURSUIT IN PERU** by CHARLES L. LEONARD. But otherwise names are secondary to a fast paced action story surrounding a murder and the kidnapping of an American girl in the wilds of eastern Peru. The Indians have a few odd names, but the principal characters are safely called *Roger, Connie,* and *Gerry*—and the hero is our old friend *Paul Kilgerrin* who does not let the jungle setting disturb his logic and his hard-boiled attitude.

* * * *

There is one character, whose name is not at all unusual, who plays a very prominent role in all the books. You will remember him from some of your other CRIME CLUB books. He is *DEATH.*

The Gunman

the implications of liblabism." This word is based on *liblab,* from *Liberal-Labor,* a derogatory epithet in great favor among puristic socialists. *Liblab* was first used in this country by Dwight Macdonald in the *Partisan Review,* November, 1942, and was said to have been borrowed from the British. The word *half-a-loafism* arose among the same group in 1944 to designate the impure doctrine of accepting only a part of one's objectives; and this has been followed now by *whole-loafism,* to represent its counterpart (William P. Taylor, in *Politics,* February. Dwight Macdonald believes that the internationalism of the Republicans and the imperialism of the Democrats amount to the same thing, and to describe this position he has formed the blend-word *interperialist (Politics,* August). In 1944 we recorded the word *cryptofascist,* and now we have the *cryptoreactionary* (Carl Landauer, in *The New Leader,* April 21).

In the literary field the noun *analphabetic* is becoming a strong rival to *illiterate,* since that word has developed extensive figurative uses. Thus A. F. Fisher wrote in the *New Statesman and Nation,* February 10: "Not only analphabetics sign German documents containing statements they never made." Russell Maloney made a tentative suggestion in *The New Yorker,* February 24: "If 'faction' didn't already mean something else, we could use it to designate a special kind of writing that flourishes in wartime, an oil-and-water mixture of fact and fiction which retains the best features of neither." Margaret Marshall feels that the word *folklore* has become unduly extended in meaning and that for this wide usage the word should really be *folkslore (The Nation,* April 21). Philip Wylie has launched the word *smug-busting,* meaning to crusade against smug people. "You can be a smug-buster," he declared (*New York Post,* September 10).

THE intellectual life of the future would be much changed if plans of Dr. Vannevar Bush, set forth in *The Atlantic Monthly,* July, could be carried out. He suggests a "memex," virtually a thinking machine. As he wrote: "It needs a name, and, to coin one at random, 'memex' will do. A memex is a device in which an individual stores all his books, records, and communications, and which is mechanized so that it may be consulted with exceeding speed and flexibility. It is an enlarged intimate supplement to his memory." This has received considerable discussion. Richard Jennings, in the *Nineteenth Century,* February, warns us to be prepared for "telethought": just as interiors are laid bare by tel-

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evision, so thoughts will be revealed by "what I suppose," he says, "will be named 'telethought.'"

Among philosophers the word *frequentist* has cropped up. Henry Margenau, in *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, September, states: "It is true that frequentists have been strutting about proclaiming their gospel dogmatically." These strutters hold that frequency is the sole meaning of probability. Jerome Frank, in his *Fate and Freedom*, attempts to counter the influence of what he calls "inevitablism." It might be noted in passing that Kenneth Burke's word *dramatism*, which he makes much of in "A Grammar of Motives," is not new: an English concomformist minister in 1934 wrote that another clergyman "could no longer amuse his flock with the dramatism of devotion." Dwight Macdonald has propounded, satirically, the "Erostratian Theory of History" (*Politics*, May). This refers to the doctrine that the bigger the crime, the greater the man—harking back to Erostratus, an obscure citizen of Ephesus, who burned down the temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, in order to make himself immortal by some memorable act.

AMONG the arts, we have the new word *chorecinema* to describe Maya Derne's dance films. John Martin, of *The New York Times*, wrote: "In her approach, we have the beginnings of a virtually new art of 'chorecinema' in which the dance and the camera collaborate on the creation of a single work of art." The abstract portrait painting of the mathematician Hugh G. Lieber has given rise to the word *psyquaport*—constructed from *psycho*, and *quanta*, and *portrait*. He says that any individual he portrays will find the painting "loaded with meaning, reminding him of experiences he loves to remember."

The year gave us several new words relating to fashions. A new dress material is called *twylon*, heralded in London (*PM*, July 5); a kind of fur is *leopardine*, really a leopard-spotted lapin (*The New York Times*, July 18). A romper-like garment designed for sleepwear by Paula Garrison is the *"dido."* The technics of it were thus described in *Life*, February 5. "Putting on a Dido looks complicated but isn't. First top part is pulled over the head. Then long front piece is pulled through the legs and tied around the waist to form a loose-fitting, diaper-like covering." The "lumberjills," in gay plaids, represent a feminized form of the lumberjack. Two days after the Crimea conference appeared Lilly Dache's "Yalta Turban," inspired by peasant costumes of the Black Sea region. In the realm of colors we now have "Psyche pink," so called because it is "unrepressed." It is said by the fashion editor of *The New Yorker*, April 21, to be "a deep rose with a lavender cast that flirts with fuchsia."

Among the words derived from the names of people who were prominent during the year we find *Citrinian, un-Hemingwayan, Jonesian* (of Jesse Jones), *Marcantonic, O'Donnellian, Peglery, Schactian, Tayloresque* (of Laurette Taylor), and *Winwarian*.

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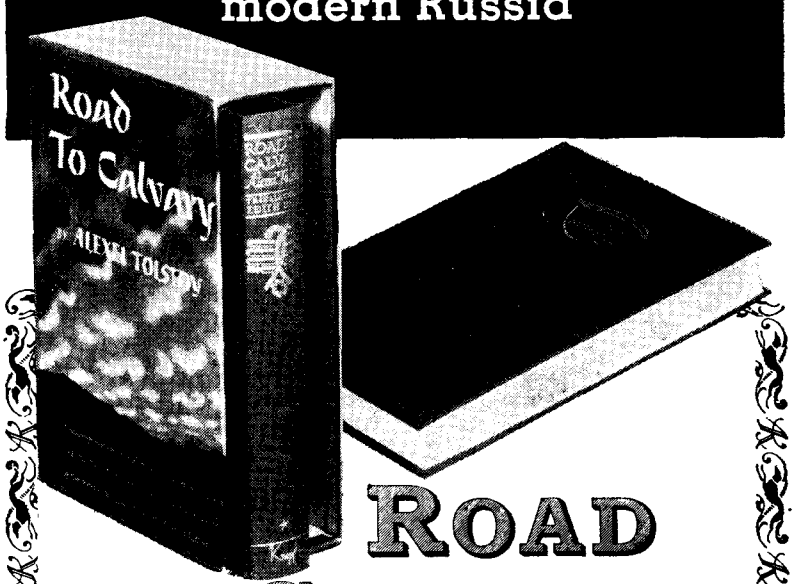

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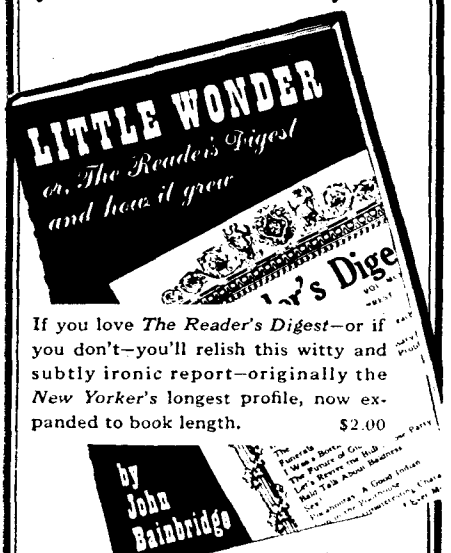

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THE NETWORKS: ABC

WHEN Edward J. Noble purchased the Blue Network from the National Broadcasting Company in 1943, the pig he got for his eight million dollars' cash was considerably in the poke. As the younger son of the Radio Corporation of America's broadcasting empire, the Blue Network seems always to have existed, in spite of the fact that it never turned a dollar for its owners, for the simple reason that there were enough radio stations, advertisers, and comedians to warrant, if not support, at least a skeleton of a fourth national chain.

However, when the sale was effected, Mr. Noble, sometime Under Secretary of Commerce, and a businessman in the best Horatio Alger tradition, looked upon the bank statement when it was red, and undertook to make his new network not only a paying proposition, but a brave new voice instead of the muttering remittance man it had been.

The weakness of the Blue had always been that it was the repository of a minimum number of the big evening commercial shows which attract audiences, and possessor of none of the daytime serials which keep the American housewife in so hypnotic a grasp with consequential profits to the network.

Mr. Noble had to make a series of very quick decisions. His network was losing money at a considerable rate, and even a man who has made lots of millions of dollars out of Life Savers cannot support a whole network indefinitely.

The president of the network into whose lap fell the decisions was Mark Woods. Mr. Woods, ex-vice president and treasurer of the National Broadcasting Company, had been put at the helm of the Blue Network by RCA Chairman Sarnoff when the network was first organized independently and put up for sale. He came along at no extra charge, bringing with him one of the firmest backgrounds in the industry. Only forty-two at the time of the sale, he had been in the business for two decades. His background was that of business administrator and accountant, rather than entertainment impresario, and thus he was subject to a minimum of hunches which look so glowing at four A.M., but fail to come to life in the studio.

Mr. Woods decided to take advantage of the network's frailties, and, surrounding himself (after several false starts) with a group of men even younger than himself, laid into some of radio's oldest traditions with small regard for the such classic taboos as 'The public won't accept,' 'You can't change the public's taste,' and 'The mental age of the average listener is . . .'

The two lieutenants brought in by Mark Woods, who now occupy the posts of vice-president in charge of programs and vice-president in charge of special events, respectively, are Adrian Samish and Robert Kintner.

Samish, at thirty-six, is a brisk individual out of the New York advertising agencies, with a previous modest background of stage work. Facing the fact that there are only a few Jack Bennies, Fred Allens, and Frank Sinatras, and that none of them were ABC properties, he sidestepped the obvious temptation to bring poor carbon copies of these favorites to his microphones. Denying the jeremiads that say you have to have variety in each successive thirty minutes of broadcasting, he recently brought out a block of four dramatic shows, hand-running, on Monday nights. The proposition that music lovers and other non-dramatic fans would be bored away from the ABC stations did not dismay him, for the converse remains true. That large segment of listeners who are devoted to dramatic programs can now spend the whole of Monday evening comfortably in the arms of ABC. There are other block segments on ABC, and there will be more. It is a succession of such minor loyalties to specific in-

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terests which makes major listener loyalties to specific stations, which, in turn, attract advertisers in satisfying coveys.

Another major programming difference apparent to ABC listeners is the absence of daytime serials. As Mr. Samish puts it, "There must be a large lady population in the United States which does not necessarily thrive on a diet of mayhem and disaster." In other words, out of the forty million or so adultish females in the United States, there must be some who do not listen exclusively to so-called soap operas.

To reach this group of ladies, the ABC has devised its daily schedules to contain many audience participation programs, musical novelties, and personalities whose entry into a household are peppy and engaging excursions.

All of this may appear to add up to a helter-skelter of random listening, but on the other hand you will discover that it is, in many ways, an enjoyable relief from the traditional hewing to the academic pattern of broadcasting which has always existed, consisting of household hints until ten A.M., day-time serials until six P.M., and the nation's honored comedians and musicians until midnight. Whether or not Mr. Samish's excursions will set a completely new pattern in radio is something upon which there need be no speculation at the moment. What is self-evident is that he has been able to attract new advertisers, new personalities, and new listeners to the network. It is to be hoped that they stay and thrive with their host.

Sitting in the other corner is Robert Kintner. Mr. Kintner is also still in his thirties, and it may be a surprise to those who have long admired him as a Washington correspondent even to learn that he is in the radio business at all. His particular functions at ABC appear to represent an attempt by Mr. Noble and Mr. Woods to sharpen radio's appreciation of its responsibilities, not only to the regulatory body which gives out franchises, but to the public which must tolerate it and to a large degree be

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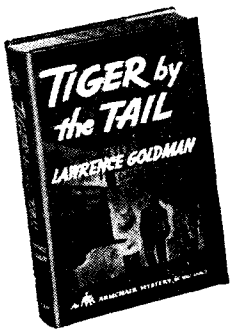

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guided and counseled by the various exhortations which come out of the loud-speakers.

The quickest way to generalize upon the possibly superficial significance of bringing Mr. Kintner into the radio business is that whereas in the past networks have sent a radio man to the nation's capital to keep a thumb on the public pulse, the ABC has brought a man from the capital to keep a steady grip on radio's pulse.

Until very recently, it was contrary to all network radio policy to sell broadcast time to a labor organization. Demands were made upon the network for free time by organizations representing both labor and management, and a balance has been most carefully effected in giving this valuable time away. Mr. Kintner has arranged matters so logically that a management group or a labor union can buy an evening half-hour even as can the proprietor of your favorite soap, to sell his point of view. In order to safeguard not only freedom of speech but a balance of opinion, the ABC makes provision so that an organization short on funds but long on ideals can be given a certain amount of time to counterbalance the purchase of broadcast time by a wealthier organization.

Mr. Kintner also does not appreciate the traditional network abhorrence of what is called "the dramatization of controversy." If a group seeks to record sentiments for or against the OPA, for example, most radio stations and networks will confine the presentation to speakers, feeling that a dramatization will unduly sway listeners. Mr. Kintner's attitude is that if a mass communications medium is going to make its facilities available on a public issue, it should allow its full tone, flavor, and character to be utilized. It would be a comparable situation if a magazine or newspaper proprietor forbade the use of color, or pictures, or headlines in a paid political advertisement.

These random reactions to a series of visits in the ABC vice-presidentarium may, to some small extent, explain why you, as a listener, find yourself either liking or disliking the general outlook of your local ABC station. We hope, in future issues, to distill the Columbianness of CBS, the Nationalness of NBC, and the Mutuality of MBS.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHOOT IF YOU MUST *Richard Powell* (Simon and Schuster: $2)	Renaissance jewelry gets Maj. Andy Blake and wife Arabella into variety of furious fixes.	Gangster who thinks he is re-incarnation of Benvenuto Cellini is book's prize character. Arab and Andy dash madly to flaming finish.	Grade A
THE VELVET WELL *John Gearon* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: $2)	Undercover agent finds opposite number slain in N. Y. hotel, gets mysterious phone call and explosive action follows.	Dashing daughter of Tammany big-wig helps hero out of numerous bad spots—but horrendous finish is all his own.	Good!
WAKE FOR A LADY *H. W. Roden* (Morrow: $2)	Movie-wacky maiden (Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara!) more or less innocently involves press-agent Knight and shamus Ames in three killings.	Less raucous than recent Rodens, but better plotted. Enough sultry babes and tough hombres, however, to make it move.	Tempestuous toughie
DEATH'S OLD SWEET SONG *Jonathan Stagge* (Crime Club: $2)	Desperate killer follows words of "Green Grow the Rushes-O" in decimating New England village. Dr. Westlake and Insp. Cobb survive.	Pestiferous boy-twins go first; then much-deceived husband; minister follows etc. Corpses, corpses everywhere . .	"Green grows the corny-o!"
PURSUIT IN PERU *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2)	Daughter of U. S. chief of Military Intelligence vanishes in Peru. Her male companion is murdered. Kilgerrin flies down and settles all.	Lush and lurid background; batch of vital and enigmatic characters; Kilgerrin consistently tough and resourceful; international complications also figure.	Good thriller

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BACH, CANTATA #78; Jesus, Thou My Wearied Spirit. Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Orch. Ifor Jones. Lucius Metz (tenor), Mack Harrell (bass). Victor M 1045 (4) $4.75	Excellent job of recording; good balance betw. chorus & orch. But solo instrs. are too weak, solo voices too close.	A—	See comment below. Chorus sings with life, but tone is uneven. Orchestra good—solo players fine, though often almost inaudible. Metz (tenor) is poor; sings out of style and off pitch. Harrell (bass) is good. Use of incorrect instrumentation is inexcusable in recordings of this sort.

BACH AS WRITTEN

FOR years the Bach Festival in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has been a fixture in the late spring musical calendar and has drawn listeners from every part of the country. This month the Bach Choir appears on records (see above). And with that appearance it brings forcibly to our attention the question as to how Bach should be performed today.

The Bach Choir has adhered unhesitatingly to the prevailing nineteenth-century tradition of Bach performance with its large chorus and large orchestra—as for that matter have most of the higher class organizations that give Bach. In fact, the current tradition is so firmly rooted that few people have any idea what a great distortion of Bach's intention it is, nor how differently Bach can sound.

It is true, or has been, that in order to bring Bach's music to large audiences of recent times something must be done to insure greater carrying power — sheer volume. And so the Bach Choir (electrical amplification being still unacceptable) is within its rights in using hundreds of singers and a large orchestra, and in omitting the harpsichord—when it performs for its huge "live" audience.

But when Bach is *recorded* the situation is very different. There is no practical reason at all for recording Bach in the nineteenth-century manner, with huge chorus, large orchestra, no harpsichord, and a grossly distorted instrumental balance that nullifies the effect of the all-important solo instruments. Nor is there the slightest reason for using a piano accompaniment, which is entirely alien to Bach's intentions.

The accepted Bach tradition conceives of Bach's music as grandiose physically where it is grandiose in spirit. The music is difficult to follow simply because its parts are inaudible in the general blur of sound. Few people yet realize that Bach performed as written is neither heavy nor monotonous, nor in any way muddy and confused.

A recent presentation of the "St. John Passion" and a group of cantatas in the exact original instrumentation (including lute, viola da gamba, viola d'amore, harpsichord, and small string group), though not a top-flight performance, gave arresting proof of the extraordinary brilliance, ease, lightness, and variety of Bach's religious music when correctly performed with no excess instrumental or choral baggage. The chorus of thirty-odd voices is far more clear and flexible, and easier to listen to. The striking color contrasts of the solo instruments are a revelation, while the metallic chords of the accompanying harpsichord add both rhythm and a kind of sheen, like the highlights in a fine portrait, that does wonders for the heaviness and monotony that so many listeners object to.

The Bach Choir's performance is admirable according to accepted standards. But it does nothing at all to help clear up the prevailing distortions, and as might be expected the new recording provides the usual heavy, monochrome atmosphere that most people have been taught to expect in Bach. The use of a prominent piano accompaniment is inexcusable when the requisite harpsichordists are widely available. One of these days someone is going to record Bach, as written, in a performance musically as good as the Bach Choir's. To my knowledge it has yet to be done. It's high time we discovered what Bach really sounds like.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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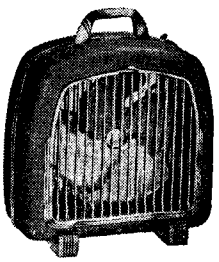

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Saturday Review of Literature

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PELOPS

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Son of the frustrate evermore,
Image of Man and all Man's years;
Inscrutable conspirator
Against the veiled Cumaean night;
Hammerer upon the iron door,
Why-and-Wherefore;

We bare your shoulder, and we see
What the voracious mother gave:
Devourer of what progeny,
Dragging whole empires to the grave!

Fixed in your flesh that pauldron white,
That badge of mercy which may save
In the stellar cave.

In the huge cave of empty air
Where blow the gales that are most drear—
In the enormous Question where
Our only answer is our fear
Or tears that claim a greater myth—
Than your ensign, the ivory sphere
Shines not more clear.

Thus in similitude we grope,
And paraphrase and farse the song
Of stars and atoms with vain trope,
To counter our devouring wrong
From Earth—and dream us Pelops kith,
Our shoulders as his shoulder strong,
Hope to prolong.

* * *

When you read this, I shall be again on good Cape Ann, which saves my life every year—looking out toward Avery's Ledge, where a freighter still hangs, they tell me, pounding itself to pieces with the tide.

Once, back on Ben Franklin's birthday (in case you remember when that was), I received an attractive epistle from Old Quercus, who was then, he said, qwertyuiopping and draining a beaker of gin and ginger-beer. He conveyed to me at that time that he was in possession of an autographed copy, signed by the author, of "The Story of America, Sketched in Sonnets," by one Henry Frank, author of "The Tragedy of Hamlet," "Modern Light on Immortality," "Psychic Phenomena," "Science and Immortality," "The Kingdom of Love," "The Triumph of Truth," etc. "What do you know," quoth Quercus," of chrysostom Henry? I opened at random, and see what I first saw: a sonnet about 'Cromwell, the Forerunner of Washington':

If, erst, thou hadst not smote, 'neath Whitehall's spires
The rising serpent on the soil whose fang
Bit unsuspecting ploughmen as they sang,
In ignorance, its charms, perhaps the fires
Which now from Freedom's hilltops wake the lyres
Of her sons, had not yet blazed; nor rang
The shout of joy from our Colonial sires,
When Liberty from lowly subjects sprang.

"Not bad, not bad," continued Quercus, the old, the oaklite, the affable, "but here was the closing couplet, or goblet, of another one on the same:

Howbe't declared a god, denounced insane,
Earth's yeomanry redeemed from royal bane.

"Years ago," went on Quercus, the gingery, the godlike, the gracious, "years ago I promised your brother an epic in verse I had found *secundo manu*, a life in verse of General Grant, but I never could bear to let it beyond my clutch; I have a feeling that I am going to be Like That with this incredible volume. Here are some first lines of the sonnets: [Old Quercus, the dogged, the draconic, the dietary, the domelike of pleasure floating midway on waves of music and gingerbeer, had forgotten his gift to me once of "The Lives of the Presidents in Verse" by what poet, God help me, I wot not!] Here, quotha, are some first lines:

"A greater son than Webster from the loins"

and

"Originator of the Feudal Tax"

and

"Thus roared the pompor Oligarch whose spell"

and

"T'appease the Monster's appetite, new laws"

and

"How often Judgment throws th' ungainful dice"

and

"As when a leopard, mad with rage, upon"

and

"Not void of drama's thrilling denouement"
(which rhymes with throng)

and

"Egregious Spain, with wanton thirst for gold."

At this point I can imagine Old Quercus, the supramudane, the semicircular, the sentient, the saponaceous, the sorceric, the sonant and superlative, giving vent to an hilarious snort, even as he continued: "My good old scriven, Thou and I wouldst erst in such great opening lines with print have burst. This shimmering work has belowered me all day, for I this morning begot a sonnet. [It has since appeared in *SRL*—Adv.] which I was almost of a mind to send you but shall (I gather everyone at the *SRL* is shaky in wills and shalls; it may be the editor will write his last Shall & Testament) demur you thereon for a while. I had a verse-writing day today because there was so much else I should have done; so I'll have to stay home tomorrow to catch up on chores. But today was choreography.

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For instance, for my own amusement (and nothing else)

Bauble for Critics

I am weary
of critical theory.
I am empiric
about a lyric.
Either it sings like a happy peasant
Or—
one of those things—
It just doesn't."

* * *

The Man from Milwaukee (the Milwaukee Company) twangs me this Parthian shaft:

Money is something which when
you have it you must be immoral,
But what would Benét write about
if he didn't have rich men with
whom to quarrel?
It's all right to be in anthologies,
But getting into Moody's only calls
for apologies.

Nicely done, mine ancient Pistol! Away with these cozening knaves and moneychangers! Give me a stalled ox where love is—or something like that!

* * *

The Reverend Frederick Asbury Cullen is dead. He was a Negro, and the father of one of our most distinguished American poets. He was the son of former slaves, was graduated from Morgan College in Baltimore, and, after being assigned to the Salem Methodist Mission in New York, built it up to the church it is today with several thousand parishioners. He was a former president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and helped organize the Urban League. In 1911 he assisted in securing the appointment to the New York police force of the present Parole Commissioner, Samuel J. Battle. . . . The trumpets have sounded on the other side.

The death of Ernest Rhys removes a poet and scholar who founded, with his friend, J. M. Dent the publisher, the famous Everyman's Library, to make the greatest literature available to the public at low cost. He began as a coal miner, and survived starvation by selling newspaper articles and an occasional poem. He met his wife, a novelist and compiler of a well-known Celtic anthology, at a garden party given by W. B. Yeats. She was Irish and Rhys was Welsh. He wrote several autobiographies and other works, including "The Golden Treasury of Longer Poems."

* * *

I had no idea, however, when I tossed that remark about rhyming erysipelas upon the counter that the changes would be so violently rung. I have received a sheaf of attempts. I cannot print all!

She bit me in the lip, alas!
And gave me erysipelas.
D. H. Rich (Maplewood, N.J.)

Can that be gallantry, Mr. Rich? Be thou rich or no, I must gently chide thee! David Stern, D.D.S., of Philadelphia, is more factual:

Of all de pipple who have erysipelas
Two of them died, making two pipple less.

Ernest Malter, D.D.S. (also) of Chicago, waxes lyrical:

There was an old man in Gallipolis
Who developed a bad erysipelas—

(So far, so good, I cried; this may be the best of all! But alas, the limerick then lapsed as follows:)

Until penicillin was sent from a
town
Called Persepolis.

* * *

From a sickbed in Des Moines, Iowa, Elizabeth H. Towner has, however, cried me this:

Mix me the merry Hippocras—
Cordial of spiced wine,
For this here "erysipelas"
Needs an anodyne.
The very word inflames my jowels
And snarls up consonants and
vowels.

* * *

O what is so rare—etc. A sergeant at the Reception Center, Camp Beale, California, sends me the following in praise of June:

Roll over in the skies, you sun-
kissed clouds!
Roll over in the wind-washed summer skies!
Roll over, over, when the blue mist
shrouds
The hills, and sun's so bright it
blinds one's eyes!
Roll over, when the crops stir in
the wind,
Roll high above the dogwood-
whitened coves!
Vast redtop meadows breeze is
blowing in—
Roll over hill-lands roaming with
their loves!
Roll high above this roaring grove
of pine,
In dizzy cartwheels down the hazy
blue!
Make every mortal heart as light
as mine!
Make every love there is on earth
as true!
Love's in my heart and summer's
in my soul!
Oh, roll, sun-maddened clouds of
summer, roll!

E. V. Griffith.

—which leaves it to me only to wish you all the best and sunniest of summers.

William Rose Benét.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

There are plenty of famous HOMES in Boston but not a single one for a doctor veteran and his bride. We need 2-4 rooms, furnished, unfurnished, anywhere in the vicinity. Will furnish references, lend you our books. Anything! for a lease or sub-lease. Box 263-Q.

FUGITIVE, 28, from thought of selling his services cheap, will, however, sell those services cheap in order to work for American firm in London. Applicable employer would ordinarily pay more substantially for commensurate potentialities and sense of responsibility. Former journalist, auditor, naval lieutenant. Box 264-Q.

ASSIST WRITER with research for book. Good typist. College graduate. Will travel. Likes work. Box 55-Q.

I AM LOOKING for responsible, tough, interesting, administrative job in education, salary $5,000 minimum. Background of ten years' teaching in private school and college and four years' administrative work with Federal Government. Age 34. Box 192-Q.

SOMEBODY WANTS, worse than I do, a beautiful building plot in Saltaire on Fire Island, with white sand up to here. 80x85 feet. Ocean front. Far enough from the town to be private, close enough to avoid isolation from supplies. $3,500 because that's how much the yawl costs that I'd rather have. Box 265-Q.

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RESEARCH ENGINEER, scientific and philosophic background, financially independent, happily engaged in discovery of society's basic life-process and making public its practical (non-political) adaptability to critical community and world affairs, desires communication with live person (man or woman) of dispassionate intelligence, similar condition and motivation. Box 269-Q.

WANTED: dissatisfied, idealist writer-collaborator. Box 270-Q.

WILL WHITE RUSSIAN living in Washington, D. C. or near Warrenton, Va. teach Russian? Box 225-Q.

GATE HOUSE, guest house on your estate standing empty? Young couple, artist, writer, expecting baby, must have room. Prefer country. Modest rental, year round. Excellent references. Telephone CHelsea 3-2329, N.Y.C. collect.

YOUNG MAN desires correspondence with one interested in Plato. Box 271-Q.

NORTHERN PINES, Port Kent, N. Y. 1200 acres of unsurpassed vacation facilities on Lake Champlain with Private Golf Course, Private Beach, Tennis Courts and all summer sports. Excellent accommodations; Modern Cocktail Lounge; Superb Cuisine, by outstanding French Chef. Pre-season rates now. N. Y. office Room 2006, 1501 Broadway, CH 4-6921.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 55)

EDITORIAL WRITER acclimated to A. D. 1960 through current connection, fabulous industrial designer. Want to build on it. Theatrical, magazine background. Must be fun! $6000. Box 132-Q.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA—FOR SALE 30 volumes—New Victory Edition, including 100 Americana Institute Research Coupons. Story of the War complete in Six Volumes and set of practical standard dictionaries. New. Never unpacked. State offer. Gibson Bell, Wynnewood, Pa.

WOMAN, varied executive experience, graduate lawyer, desires interesting N.Y.C. job requiring good judgment, intelligence and efficiency. Has the sense of humor and tact needed to cope with people, perplexities and pesky details. Box 272-Q.

VETERAN yeoman who considers friendship Staff of Life rapidly failing due insufficient diet. Correspond. Box 273-Q.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

PROFESSIONAL PLAYWRIGHT, young man, will help you write or rewrite your play. Clippings exchanged. Box 208-Q.

PLACE TO LIVE NEEDED by Professor of English and artist wife Hollywood, or Los Angeles vicinity. Box 75-Q.

HUDSON GUILD FARM, Netcong, New Jersey. Fifty miles from New York. Beautiful surroundings, informal, tasty food, reasonable. Box 200-Q.

AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE, newly established, with sound N. Y. contacts will represent and work with undeveloped talents. Box 274-Q.

PEOPLE ALL OVER the country are joining together to work for world government. If you would like to help, write for the address of the group nearest you. World Federalists of Greenwich Village, 239 West 13 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT, adaptable seeks summertime or permanent position. M. A. English Lit. Experience: research, newspaper, publicity. Box 275-Q.

CULTURED, past-middle-aged lady, would correspond with serious-minded, educated men. Box 276-Q.

CHARMING, YOUNG, man of letters wishes room in affable surroundings University Kentucky. Box 277-Q.

FOR BOOK ADVERTISING, Publicity, Promotion—Write George Butterly, Times Building, N. Y. 18. BRyant 9-8197.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

PUBLIC RELATIONS—ADULT EDUCATION DIRECTOR Important national Jewish organization seeks Director of Educational Activities—male or female. Must have understanding of adult education techniques, public relations experience, as well as knowledge of how to work with and activate groups in behalf of social causes. This position can be filled only by a top-flight person. Salary commensurate with responsibilities. Box 278-Q.

UNINSPIRED FEMALE GRAD, searching for alter ego, desires correspondence with males having similar interests: music, literature, psychology, analysis, humor, but primarily people. Box 279-Q.

WANTED: Book-Stationery Store doing first rate business. State selling price, net proft, full information. Box 280-Q.

NURSERY SCHOOL TEACHER seeks governess position for August. Margaret Phillips, 49 Winne Road, Delmar, New York.

DORSET, VERMONT. Our Garden House has become available July 15, $91 weekly for two. Mountains on every side; adjoining golf club; pleasant main house; six guests; good beds; food beyond expectations. Mrs. Sears.

YOUNG WOMAN, secretarial experience, knowledge French, Spanish, desires interesting position for summer. Available immediately. Box 281-Q.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension open during July and August. Rate $40.00 a week. Rooms now available July only.

MAN, single, 32, would like to have a small guest cottage or large studio type room in exchange for part time work in or near Tarrytown, White Plains, Ardsley or Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Box 282-Q.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially Licensed and Bonded Service Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

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WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything to buy, sell, or swap? Send $1 for 8 months' subscription for YANKEE Magazine, Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page."

WORDS WANTED to describe more poetically my cottage of 3 rooms and bathroom on 3 acres of hillside, with flowers and fruit trees, also the stone studio building and the workshop, located at Suffern, an hour out of Times Square. For lack of words I shall probably have to sell the place for $7,000. ($2,000 cash and balance monthly.) Wrapped in the language of romance, it would bring much more. Box 127, Suffern, N. Y. Suffern 864.

YOUNG MAN, veteran, college student and aspiring journalist, seeks gloom-chasing correspondence with young lady. Box 283-Q.

GENTLEMAN, artist, French, wishes part-time tutoring, designing, French, photography, N.Y.C. Box 284-Q.

YOUNG MAN, 34, experienced Secretary-Stenographer seeks interesting position theatrical or literary. Box 285-Q.

SIAMESE KITTEN for sale. Royal Seal Point; 7 weeks; female; $15.00; house broken. Box 286-Q.

HELP! HELP!—for playwright, author or radio scripter. Mature, young writer desires full or part time position—research, typing, etc. Box 287-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, professional artist, without car, would share expenses of painting trip to New England, California or elsewhere, August or September. Instruction if desired. Box 288-Q.

COMPANION—housekeper, governess, seeks family vacationing Rockport, Mass. Box 289-Q.

WRITER? RESTER? Lover of isolation and beauty with creature comforts? Mountainside cottage for two overlooking lake, Bridgton, Maine. Season $400. Box 290-Q.

COARSE JOLLY WOMAN, learning to read, wants letters from men. Box 291-Q.

YOUNG WRITER desires outdoor work country estate near N.Y.C. Good with horses, boats, drives. Salary unimportant. Box 292-Q.

I HAVE LECTURED, written, composed for forty years. Now retired, find idle life distasteful; will act as intellectual handy man or in any interesting capacity in fields of music, theatre, literature, art. Box 293-Q.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Male Siberian Husky—3 months old. For show, and a wonderful companion. Kabkol Kennels, 410 Circle Avenue, Takoma Park Park 12, Maryland.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES carefully searched. Box 993-M.

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YOUNG COUPLE want job abroad, Near East preferred. Box 295-Q.

PLEASANT YOUNG MAN, former Naval officer, seeks interesting and profitable employment. Excellent knowledge Japanese, Russian, French. Will travel. Box 296-Q.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKSTORES RANSACKED for those books you lack. Write Box 181-M.

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Effective July 1st, rates for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of SRL will be 20¢ per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 14¢ a word; 13 insertions, 17¢ a word; 6 insertions, 19¢ a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

ARE YOU fenced in by cities and people? Do you long for mesquite trees, sagebrush, and pine covered canyons? The New Mexico number of the SOUTHWEST REVIEW has them all; your ticket is a $2.00 subscription. Southwest Review, S.M.U., Dallas, Texas.

LIFELIKE PORTRAITS IN PENCIL, distinctive, frameable. Unusual gift or possession. $5.00. Without obligation send photo today. Box 162-Q.

FORMER TEACHER, fifteen years English, journalism, stencil cutting experience, wants work at home. Box 139-Q.

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

STAMP COLLECTOR will buy stamp collections, accumulations and old envelopes. Box 205-Q.

CITY-BOUND LADY would hear from gentleman farmer or home-on-the-ranger. Box 297-Q.

LITERARY RESEARCH services on all subjects offered by lifelong student of historical research to writers in any literary form or medium. Box 298-Q.

AUTHOR AND WIFE desire accommodations with meals or cottage in rag-weed free district New Hampshire during hay fever period August fifteenth-September fifteenth. Write R. Landry, 18 West 70 Street, New York.

COLLEGE SENIOR available as tutor or companion after July 1. Box 299-Q.

MATURE PROFESSIONAL MAN invites feminine letters, preferably from Easterners. Box 300-Q.

NINETY BOOKSELLERS in 15 cities with millions of used, rare and out-of-print books invite your inquiries. Mention interests if catalogs are wanted. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 S. Melville Street, Philadelphia 43, Pa.

POEMS WANTED for Musical Setting. Send poem for immediate consideration. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

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WANTED: Young woman, well educated, sense of humor, good disposition, live with widow fiftyish. Must be excellent driver, liking travel. Unencumbered. Permanent. Good salary. Midwestern city. Can furnish best references, naturally expect same. Full particulars, please, first letter. Box 301-Q.

VETERAN, 27, preferring practical experience to college study, seeks opportunity in newspaper, publicity or publishing field. Limited experience. Salary secondary. Box 302-Q.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label. 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

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FORMER MAJOR—British Army, World War I, also wild animal exploring 7 years, desires correspond with young lady. Box 303-Q.

VEGETARIAN, 43, New Yorker would like to share habitat of another for summer. Box 304-Q.

FICTION, BOOKS, PLAYS, ARTICLES marketed. Free reading. Bertha Klausner, Literary Agency, 130 East 40 Street, N. Y. 16.

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PERSONALS

TEA TREAT: Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Delicious—hot or iced. Trial pound $1.55, postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

BEACHCOMBER - ENGINEER - ROMANTICIST convalescing serious illness would speed recovery by correspondence with not too intellectually conventional young lady. Box 228-Q.

INSURANCE AGAINST FORGETTING birthdays, anniversaries, occasions. Request details, Remindu Service, 11 St. Mary's Street, Annapolis, Maryland.

EDITORIAL POSITION wanted. Fiction and unusual organizational background. No desk job please! Box 305-Q.

PLAN YOUR RURAL RETREAT NOW! Completely modernized farmhouse, fifty acres brook-watered woodland, paved road, outskirts small village, mountain scenery, inland Maine. Ideal for artist, writer or retirement. Will consider sale to congenial people. $6,000. Box 306-Q.

LINGUIST, COMPOSER, interested in people—young Vassar grad desires job on continent, preferably east Europe. Fluent French, German, considerable Russian, read Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian, Greek. Two years military intelligence. Type 60 wpm. Like creative work and/or detail. Assist writer, artist, journalist, photographer as researcher or interpreter. Leave end September. Box 243-Q.

WHERE ARE THEY? In a closet? In an old drawer? Snapshots, photographs, press clippings—we will arrange them artistically in an album. Box 244-Q.

IMPOVERISHED, city-weary secretary needs part-time typing job to finance imperative vacation. Manuscripts, letters—come what may. Box 307-Q.

UNCONGENIAL, INSINCERE, IMMATURE YOUNG female will correspond with bright people everywhere. Box 308-Q.

FRENCH LESSONS BY NATIVE, now U. S. citizen, pronunciation, grammar, evenings or weekends, N.Y.C. Box 309-Q.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept. F-22, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

GIRL, widely travelled, interested in music, books, people, wishes correspondence with young men. Box 235-Q.

WANTED: N.Y.C. Space, about 1200 square feet, library religious books (Episcopal). Preference East between Madison and Second, 50 and 86 Streets. Unfurnished. Write Library of St. Bede, 175 East 71 Street, N.Y.C.

VETERAN, student, seeks a modest room in exchange for tutoring or similar compensating work. Box 310-Q.

WANTED: LIBRARIAN for small public. 5,000 volumes. Complete charge. Metropolitan area. Give qualifications and salary expected. Box 311-Q.

TWO POSITIONS open in September in a Little Theatre in Philadelphia. 1. PLAYHOUSE MANAGER: must have administrative, organizational and publicity experience. 2. PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: must be experienced in handling adults and children. Salaries: $2,000-$2,500 for 10 month season. Reply Box 312-Q.

CAN COOK LIKE AN ANGEL, manage finances. Teaching to support two yearling sons. Anyone offer a way to earn a better living? Box 313-Q.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF—you know what—there's a vigorous magazine that you should read if you want to know the country everybody is talking about. It's the SOUTHWEST REVIEW. Send $2.00 for a year's subscription to Southwest Review, S.M.U, Dallas, Texas.

WE'RE YOUNG—WE'RE HOPEFUL—and we need an apartment. 1½ to 3 rooms, furnished, unfurnished, N. Y. C. To $70.00. Box 314-Q.

WANTED: Permanent congenial home in New York City or State by middle-aged lady. Although nearly blind, requires minimum of personal services in home. Very healthy, sociable, cheerful, and fond of good music. Likes to be busy and useful within her capacity. Society of other handicapped persons advantageous and stimulating. References exchanged. Box 315-Q.

THE INMATES GOSPEL SERVICE of the Mississippi State Penitentiary appeals to bookworms for donations of books to aid in building a library at the Penitentiary. Transportation paid. Address: Inmates Gospel Service, F. S. Kauffman, Librarian, Camp #6, Mississippi State Penitentiary, Parckman, Miss.

PERSONALS

COMPILER of daily crossword puzzles would contact distributing agency. Box 316-Q.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this department: 15c a word. Rates for several insertions follow: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Forms close Friday night, fifteen days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45 St., N. Y. 19, N.Y.

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LOUIS SCHUCMAN, 77 Fourth Avenue, New York 3. Send for catalogue of scholarly items or better still visit our well stocked quarters.

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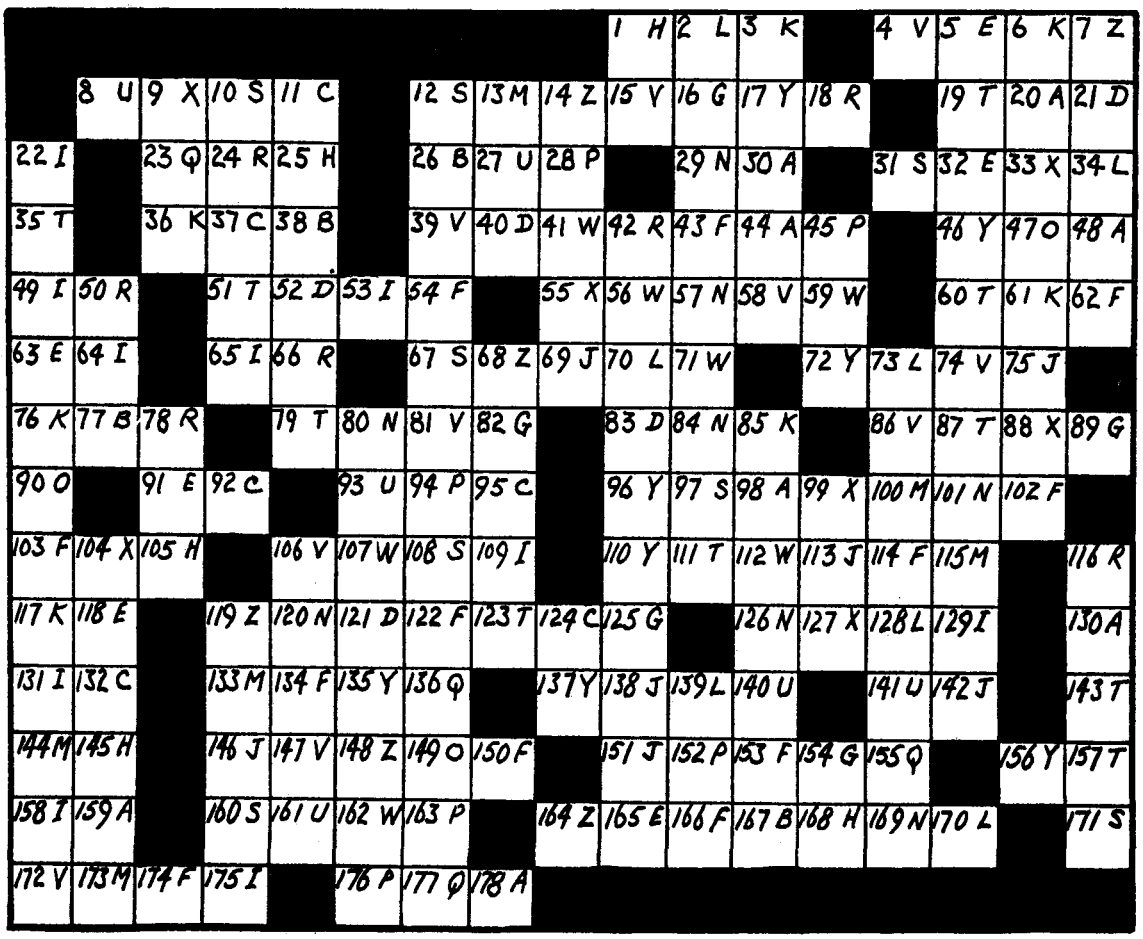
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 639

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mountains in central France.	130 178 48 20 44 98 30 159
B. American figure and portrait painter (1838-1915).	77 38 26 167
C. Out of; foreign to, as a will, record, etc. (Law).	132 95 37 92 11 124
D. Long-limbed and slender.	21 40 52 121 83
E. Colorless, odorless gaseous substance.	63 91 5 32 165 118
F. Boxer or wrestler not exceeding 147 lbs.	103 153 122 114 174 134 54 43 62 166 102 150
G. Hungarian composer of operettas (1870-; "The Merry Widow").	89 16 125 154 82
H. French composer (1782-1871; "Fra Diavolo").	168 25 1 145 105
I. A gelatin pudding, or ice cream, containing chestnuts.	131 49 64 175 22 158 109 65 129 53
J. To seek to acquire or attain to, as wealth, etc. (3 wds.; Colloq.)	146 151 69 75 142 138 113
K. Name given by Turkish National Assembly to their first president.	76 36 6 3 85 117 61
L. Seaport and univ. city in New Zealand.	34 2 128 70 170 73 139
M. An Old Testament queen (Bib.)	173 13 115 144 133 100

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Dramatic critic, of New York "Times" (1894-).	57 80 126 29 169 101 84 120
O. American humorist (1850-96).	149 90 47
P. Ancient Greek lyre, first made of tortoise shell.	152 94 28 163 176 45
Q. Greek goddess of war; in late mythology, mother of Ares.	136 155 23 177
R. Nine-year-old author of "The Young Visiters".	116 18 42 66 24 50 78
S. Illegitimate.	10 97 171 67 160 12 108 31
T. A tough cut of beef made more tender by pounding flour into it (2 wds.)	35 19 123 60 79 157 143 111 87 51
U. Treaty of Hundred Years' War (May 21, 1420).	93 27 141 8 161 140
V. A narrow street; a lane (Australia; 3 wds.)	86 147 74 15 58 172 39 4 81 106
W. Earldom of governor-general of Canada, 1940-6.	112 41 59 162 107 71 56
X. Wool fat used in cosmetics, etc.	99 104 55 9 88 127 33
Y. Pourings in; influxes.	156 46 17 135 72 110 96 137
Z. Deputy prime minister of England, World War II.	148 7 14 68 119 164



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 51 of this issue.

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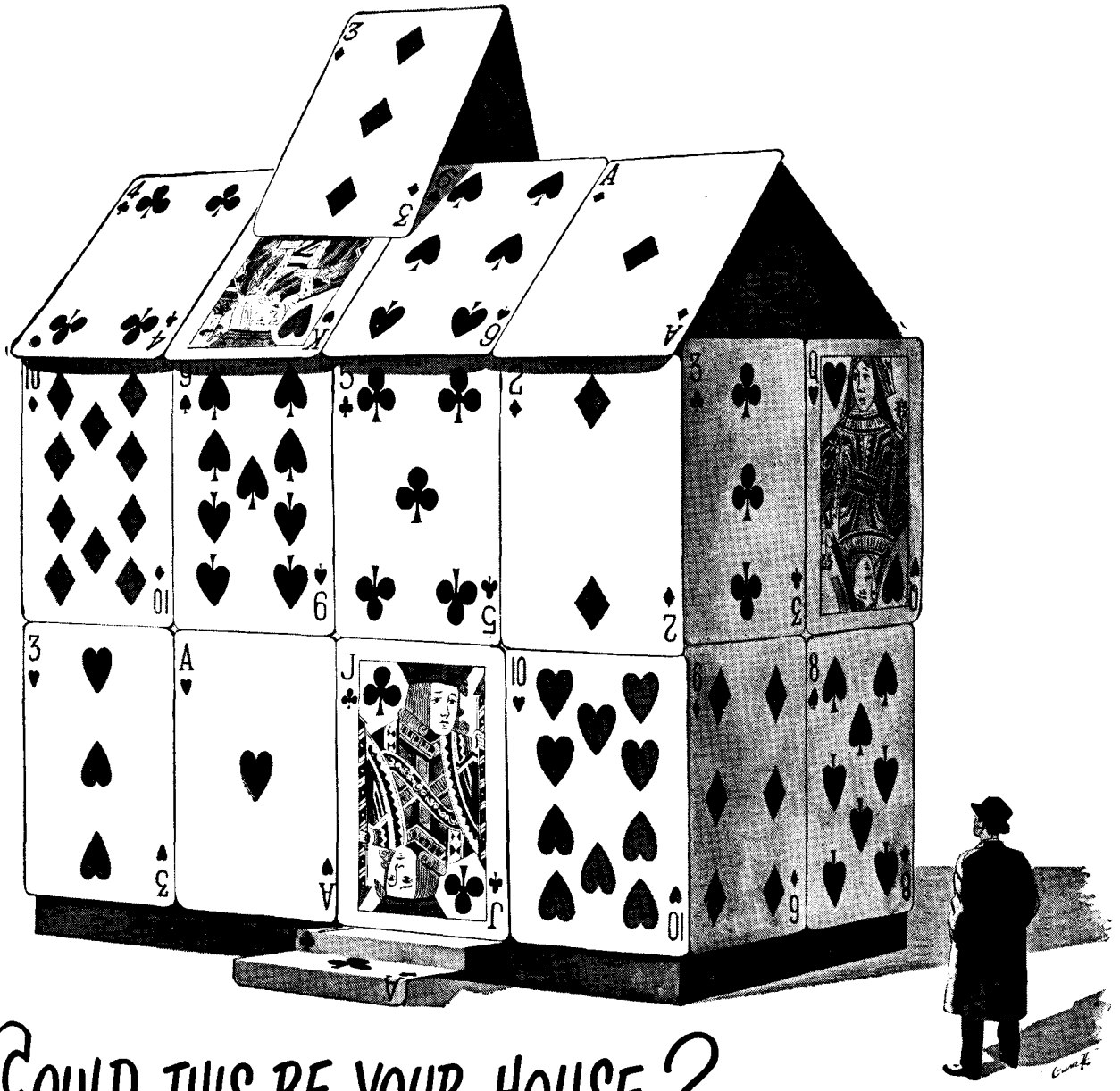

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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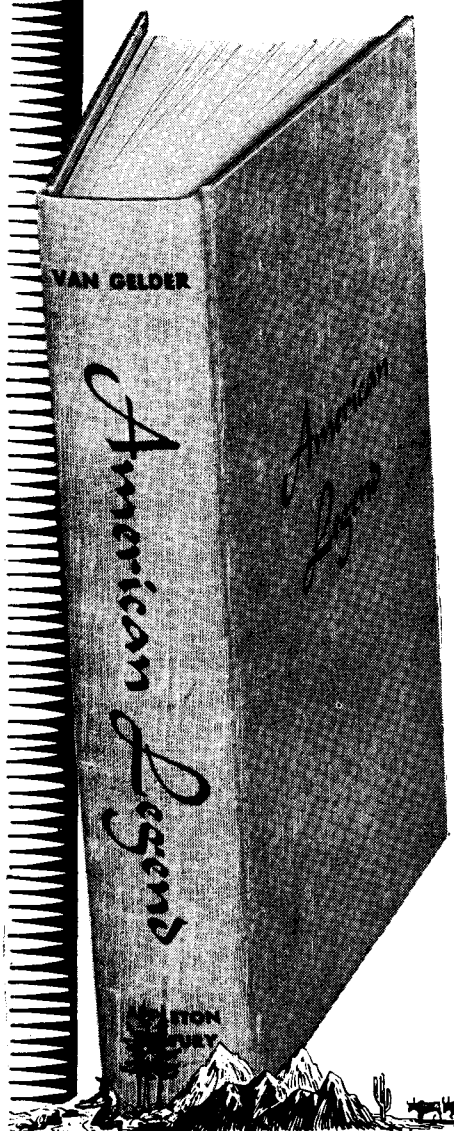

AMERICAN LEGEND

A TREASURY OF OUR COUNTRY'S YESTERDAYS

Selected by
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